THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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Centre Street, south of Dundas.

Consultation free. Phone 301.

SECOND HAND CAR FOR SALE—Apply to J. B. ALLISON, Post Office. 25-tf

WANTED—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Apply Box M., Express Office.

TO RENT—North half of brick house on Robert street. Apply J. A. CLIFF, Robert street. 24-tf

HORSES FOR SALE—One about 1100, one about 1400. Both good. JAS. E. CLARK, at Card's Garage. 29-tf

LOVERS IDEAL LETTER CLUB—Sweethearts for everybody. (stamp). Doris Dawn, Station H., Cleveland, Ohio. 18-tf

LOST—Gold necklace, with amethyst stone. Valued as keepsake. Finder kindly return to Mrs. C. D. VANALSTINE. 29-a

LOST—On Monday last, one white hound, with brown markings. Reward to finder. Return to Mrs. George Billiard Parlor. LUIS LASKARIS. a

FOR SALE—Household furniture at the home of Mrs. Pigon, Centre street, next Denison Bros. store. Everything must be sold by end of week. Also house for sale. 29-ap

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge.—T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Farm 225 acres, more or less, of late R. M. Fowler, M.P.P., and summer home, 2 acres, more or less, of late Daniel Fowler, K.C., Amherst Island. Apply U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Ontario. 22-tf

FOR SALE—Brick home of the late George A. Bleweit, West Street, bath, electric light, hardwood floors, furnace, barn, garage and garden. Also part of vacant lot north side of Mill street. Apply to U. M. WILSON, solicitor, Napanee. 18-tf

PLACED in wrong buggy, on Thursday, June 11th, 1925, under Campbell House sheds, one pair of Men's Black Laced Boots, size 10. Any person finding this parcel in their buggy, kindly return same to WILSON'S SHOE STORE, Napanee. 29-ap

FOR SALE—Home of late Mrs. McCambridge, on Graham street Napanee. Water and lights in house; garden, garage, chicken house, also heating stove and some household goods at bargain if sold at once. Owners leaving town. Inquire on premises. 28-bp

TIRES!

Gutta Percha Cross Cord Oversize 30 x 3½

$10.95

Bath Garage

AGAIN THE TARIFF

It is the belief of the Leader of the Liberal Party and of his followers that the tariff should be so revised as to bring in a larger amount of revenue, but that it should not be used, as the Opposition contend, for purposes primarily of protection. The two things are entirely different; the two objectives are different. Conservatives say "We want a tariff for protection." But, it may be asked, protection for what? Certain special industries. Then they go on enlarging and enlarging until what is the result? They want to include all the industries, and after they are all brought in, the costs all round will be raised by a corresponding amount.

What they really want is protection of certain special industries for the benefit of those who capital is invested in them. They say they want protection in the interests of Labor. But how is Labor going to gain? Will not wages continue to be settled as they are today, by competition in the Labor market?

Let us consider this protection plea. What about the women who are not engaged in these specially favored industries, but, who are, nevertheless, the heads of families and have to provide for the support of the household? Do they not need protection in regard to the commodities they buy? The question is one of household economy and there is only one answer.

What about the Civil Service of Canada; what about the learned professions, the clerical workers, are these classes not to be considered? Is the plea for protection to special interests? It is not the Liberal thought or the Liberal intention and I think the why expert knowledge will be brought to bear on the question, the Minister of Finances being responsible for the appointing of advisors whose knowledge will bring more light and less heat into tariff debate and discussions, while helping the government to do what is best in the interests of the people as a whole.

GARRATT B. JOY.

Mr. Garratt B. Joy, the eldest son of the late Wilder and Rosanna Joy, passed suddenly away with heart trouble on Tuesday morning, June 9th. Born at Vine's Corners in 1855, he moved when a child of six years of age to his late residence on Dundas street. When a young man of twenty-one he went to California from Belleville Business College, he left with a party of Napanee boys. From California to Nevada, and entered the employ of the Comstock Mining Company of that city, where he remained for eight years, returning to Napanee in 1884. He married Maria Mancus, of Odessa, who survives with one only daughter, a daughter-in-law, two grandchildren, and a brother, J. W. Joy, of Vancouver, B.C., the last surviving member of the family.

Deceased was an active member of Napanee Lodge No. 86, joining that Order 60 years ago, and was treasurer for many years. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon from his late residence to St. Andrew's Magdalene Church, Rev. J. H. Coleman officiating. Interment in the family plot at Riverside cemetery.

THE MUNICIPAL CORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF NAPANEE 1858 1925

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS

All owners of dogs in the Town of Napanee, are required to have same registered in the office and described in the office of the undersigned, not later than the first day of July in each year, according to the provisions of By-Law No. 810 and amendments. The penalty for neglecting or refusing to comply with the regulations of the By-law, upon conviction, not to exceed Fifty Dollars.

Tags may now be procured from or at the office of

F. W. BARRETT,
Chief Constable.

THE MUNICIPAL CORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF NAPANEE 1858 1925

NOTICE OF REGISTRATION OF BY-LAW

Notice is hereby given that a by-law was passed by the Municipal Corporation of the town of Napanee on the thirteenth day of May, A.D., 1925, providing for the issue of debentures to the amount of $53,000, for the purpose of making certain permanent improvements to the Napanee Collegiate Institute, and that such by-law was registered in the registry office of the registry division for the County of Lennox and Addington on the 8th day of June, A.D., 1925. Any motion to quash or set aside the same or any part thereof must be made within three months after the first publication of this notice, and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 6th day of June, A.D., 1925.

28-c W. A. GRANGE, Clerk.

CLEAN THE OILING SYSTEM

By ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive Engineering)

The average car owner is prone to follow the instructions which he finds in the book which accompanies his car, and he is careful to do nothing unless he finds a suggestion in a magazine or in that same book of instructions.

He fills the base of his engine with lubricant when oil is necessary, as indicated by the guage, and he is careful to see that the pressure remains at a certain figure while the engine is running. The instruction book does not always advise the owner further regarding the oiling system.

You may have liquid in the base of your engine, but is it a lubricant? Many times this liquid is a combination of cylinder oil and water. Its lubricating properties are poor, and should the bearings burn through lack of oil the owner is very apt to blame the oil for the trouble. He immediately buys it of another grade, or oil that is made by another manufacturer, without, however, knowing the reason for his trubie.

Depending upon the type of engine, oil in the base should be changed regularly. Old lubricating oil should be drawn out from the base and thrown away and new put in, for at least every thousand miles of riding. In some cases it is advisable to renew the oil much oftener.

Make a point of cleaning it with light oil every time the lubricating oil is renewed. Put in about one quart of light oil and turn the engine over by hand with the pet-cocks open, a dozen times or so. The light oil will loosen the particles of grease and have a tendency to drive out the dirt. It is not advisable to run the engine while the light oil is in the base. It may do no harm. On the other hand there is a possibility that it will damage the engine.

After the engine has been cleaned in this way, draw off the light oil, and while the drain cocks are still open turn the engine over two or three times in order to drive the light oil from the system. Clean the pump strainer, if there is one, and then put in a good grade of oil.

CAMDEN EAST.

We have had some very warm weather in this district, on Sunday afternoon last the thermometer being as high as 115 degrees in the sun.

Mr. John Cooper has gone to Toronto, where he has secured a position as superintendent with the Kennedy Car Line and Bay Co.

A large nuber from here attended the camp meeting at West Lake on Sunday last.

Mrs. L. Hartman has been quite ill for some time with an attack of rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. McKim spent Saturday last in Tamworth.

A number from here attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Shier of Tamworth.

Mr. James Youmans is painting his house.

Mr. Wallace, of Harrowsmith, was a caller at the home of Mr. S. Williams on Sunday last.

Mr. Delbert Sexsmith, Bicknell's Corners, East, called at Mr. George Bailey's on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Snider, Napanee, motored here on Sunday last and visited with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Snider and with Mrs. M. Hartman and family, at Colebrooke.

NEWBURGH.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Switzer visited Mrs. Switzer's father at Bellrock, on Sunday last.

Mrs. Anson McKeown is on the sick list.

Those who were in the hospital with appendicitis have returned home.

Dr. Mounce was in Kingston to attend Victor Drew, who was suffering from heart trouble.

Mrs. C. V. Fairborne, Kingston, is spending some time at Mrs. George Wardman's.

A number from Wesley attended the funeral of Miss Flake, at Picton.

The weather at time of writing is much cooler.

Mrs. G. Thompson, of Rutherford, N.Y., is in the village to stay for the summer with Miss Maggie Cameron.

Mrs. Orr, Toronto, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. W. Adams.

Newburgh played Odessa team at Odessa, Thursday afternoon in a Lennox and Addington League fixture and the home team won the game in the tenth innings by a score of five to four, after a game which settled down into a mighty struggle after a few bits of bad throwing in the early innings. The game was featured by a brilliant shoe-string catch in centrefield by O'Neil, who, after running a long ways for a high one, scooped it up off his foot tops for a great put-out, and by a beautiful home run in the ninth by the same player, which tied up the game and sent the battle into extra innings, O'Neil scoring the home in the tenth with the winning run when he sent a wicked bounder down the third base line. Kilgannon pitching for Odessa, turned in an excellent game, and Woodhouse, who did the hurling for the visitors was likewise good. The teams batted as follows:

Odessa—W. Kilgannon, lf; V. Kingannon, p; Emmons, rf; C. Smith, 2b; Heath, ss; Burley, 3b; McConnell, 1b; Cairns, c; O'Neil, cf.

Newburgh—R. Holland, cf; Armstrong, 1b; D. Holland, 3b; William Williams, lf; Cannon, rf; Woodhouse, p; Conway, C; Davenne, 2b; Breeze, ss.

The score by innings was:

Newburgh .....000 400 000 0—4
Odessa .....001 000 102 1—5

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
June 15th, 1925.

Council met in regular session in the Council Chamber, Mayor Ming presiding.

Members present—Councillors MacGregor, Roy, Dunbar, Jewell, Simpson.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

A communication from the County Clerk, stating that the county rate would be 14 mills on an assessment of $888,000. The amount to be paid will be $12,400.00. Filed.

A progress estimate from Geo. Vandewater, contractor for the Ross & Miller factory for $4000.00 was presented and passed.

The Collector reported $2500 of 1924 taxes still unpaid.

On motion the chairman of the Town Property Committee was authorized to make further arrangements with Mr. Cliff for overseeing the completion of the Ross & Miller factory.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

G. Vincent	$ 3 00
C. A. Wiseman	6 00
The Napanee Band	7 50
Albert Smith	45
F. H. Perry	70
Thompson Bros	2 00
Thompson Bros	2 82
A. L. Dafoe	75 00
Hydro Electroc accounts for rectifier were referred to Fire, Water & Light Committee.	
Account La France Fire Engine Co., $10.50, referred to Fire, Water & Light Committee.	

Several accounts for Streets Committee were referred to the Streets Committee with power to act.

An account of Mrs. Clarence Vine, $3.50, was ordered paid and charged to contingent account.

Council adjourned.

ERINSVILLE.

One of the worst electric storms in years passed over this locality a few days ago. A bolt of lightning killed a very valuable horse belonging to Christopher Gonyou.

The field crops are looking exceptionally well and promise a bumper yield.

Mr. John McGrath is putting extensive repairs on his newly acquired property. A coat of paint has made a wonderful improvement.

Mrs. K. Drumgole is spending a few days with her nephew, Dr. Flynn, of Calabogie.

Misses Mary and Nora Fox, of Deseronto, spent last week-end here.

Mr. F. Hodgson and party from Bridge, came for a few days' fishing at Beaver Lake.

June 3rd was royally spent on the lake by numbers of pleasure seekers. All report the fishing excellent.

A dance in the parish hall given by some of the young people, was a great success.

Mrs. Timothy McGrath and children have returned after spending a few days with her mother in Chippewa.

DESERONTO.

Mr. Elgin Poste and Mr. Harold Clapperton returned from Ottawa on Thursday night.

Miss Ethel Fraser left for Rochester on Monday morning.

Mr. Fred Hartman, of Cobourg, and Mr. Rutherford with children, of Colborne, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. Provins on Sunday.

Mr. T. Dorey left for Rochester on Monday morning.

A large number attended the first service of the United Church of Canada, on Sunday at the Methodist Church.

The Ladies' Aid of the United Church will hold a sale of homemade cooking in the vacant store adjoining the office of Mr. Boyce, on Monday, June 20th.

Mrs. Hoag and children of Toronto, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clement, Greer street.

The Ladies' Aid of the United Church will hold a meeting at the home of Mr. VanTuck, of the Front Road, on Thursday at 2.30. Cars have been provided and the ladies will leave from the church.

The sale of homemade cooking of the ladies of St. Mark's church was a very successful one, owing to the good work of the ladies.

A baseball game was played on Saturday, between the Eastern and Western teams, the former winning by a score of 16-8. The batteries for the Eastern team, Covert, Breeze, with Brady and Tompkins for the Western team. The youngsters showed some brilliant plays at times, and will soon be able to play like veterans.

It will be worth the price of admission to see Margaret Nolan as "Aunt Dinah" in Blind Love.

Rugby.

William Webb Ellis gained immortality over one hundred years ago by breaking the rules of the game. A tablet was recently erected to his memory. The tablet tells how Ellis, "with a fine disregard for the rules of football, first used his first time. took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thereby originating the distinctive feature of the game of rugby."

Old Tortoises.

Regarded as the world's oldest living animals, some of the great tortoises on the Galapagos Islands are believed to have been alive in 1492 when Columbus discovered America.

The Life of an Ant.

As a general rule, ants live from eight to ten years, although specimens in captivity have been known to reach the age of fifteen.

WEDDING BELLS

THOMAS—STEVENS.

A wedding unique in the annals of Napanee was solemnized in the auditorium of Grace Church on Wednesday night, when Capt. Hattie Thomas, the popular officer in command of the local corps of the Salvation Army, was united in marriage to Capt. Eugene A. Stevens, of Belleville, formerly of Napanee, whose father lives on the River Road. The beautiful wedding ceremony was performed by Col. Walton, Divisional Commander, of Montreal. The spacious choir platform was occupied by the Salvation Army Band, of Belleville, who preceding the ceremony rendered with splendid effect, a number of sacred songs and marches.

The local corps of the Salvation Army was well represented in the auditorium, there being also a fairly large attendance of townspeople present. The meeting was opened with a rousing song by the congregation led by the band. After a brief prayer by Capt. Arbor, of Belleville, Mrs. Brown, of Earlscourt, favored the audience with a beautiful soprano solo, after which the wedding ceremony of the Salvation Army was performed by Col. Walton. Capt. Church was then called to the platform and read a number of congratulatory telegrams from Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and other points including one from Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, which were loudly applauded by the audience.

Before concluding the meeting Capt. Stevens and his bride addressed a few words to the audience in which they expressed their many thanks and appreciation shown by their friends in Napanee.

At the conclusion of the service a banquet was held in the school room of the church, which was largely attended.

McGREER—HAWLEY.

On June 10th, the marriage took place of Miss Jean McGreer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGreer, Riverside, to Bertram Hawley, Napanee, in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. The ceremony was performed by the vicar of the parish, Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M.A., assisted by the brother of the bride, Rev. A. H. McGreer, D.D., principal of Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.

The bride, given away by her father, looked very pretty in a gown of blonde canton crepe, in the shell pink shade, and carried a beautiful bouquet of sunburst roses. Her only attendant was Miss Hilda McGreer, who wore a dainty frock of peach color. Her hat was effectively trimmed with rainbow shades, and she carried a bouquet of mauve sweet peas, lily of the valley and maiden hair fern. Best man was Mr. Bert groomsman. Prof. Baird played the wedding music.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at "Riverside," which was attended by the bride's immediate family. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the reading of messages of congratulation and good wishes, which included cablegrams from Oxford, England, and Paris. The list of the bride's presents was a varied and most interesting one.

The happy couple left late in the afternoon for Ottawa, amid showers of confetti and good wishes. After a brief honeymoon they will return and make their home in Napanee.

Theodore will play "Joe Peyton" in Blind Love, Armouries, Wednesday and Thursday, June 17th and 18th.

The Romance of Helium.

The atom of helium is the smallest of the series and is identical with the atom expelled by radium and other radio-active substances. Perhaps most of the helium in the world has been fired off, atom by atom, from radioactive substances. It is collected in large quantities in the United States and Canada, where it is found bubbling up in certain springs.

Helium is used nowadays to fill dirigibles, for its lifting power is almost as great as that of hydrogen. A hydrogen-filled airship is, of course, liable to disaster, but helium does not explode and cannot be fired.

The name "helium" means "sun-substance," because it was first discovered in the sun itself. In 1868 the French astronomer, Janssen, drew attention to some lines in the sun's spectrum which hitherto had escaped notice, and from these it was naturally inferred that there was an unknown element in the sun, which was named helium although it was not yet discovered.

Traces of the presence were discovered in various terrestrial substances, and in 1895 the late Sir William Ramsay produced enough of it to examine from the rare mineral clevelite. In 1918 scientists discovered that helium natural gases in Western America, and during the war the British Government began to investigate its possible use in dirigibles.

Whereas before the war helium ran at the rate of $400 a cubic foot, its price is now down to a few pence.—Tit-Bits.

Power of the Buzzard.

The power of the buzzard to sail through the air for long periods with little or no apparent movement of the wings is due to its expanse of the wing surface. Birds with smaller wing surface make up for this by rapidity of the motion of the wings.

A "Want Adv." in the columns of The Express brings results.

CONVENTION OF SOUTH ADDINGTON DISTRICT OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The first annual convention for South Addington district of the Women's Institute met at Tamworth on Wednesday morning, June 10th, at 9.30 o'clock. The president, Mrs. Piper, of Tamworth, presided at both sessions.

The morning session opened with the Opening Ode, followed by community singing, "O, Canada" and "The Long, Long Trail." An address of welcome was given by Miss Hattie Reid, in which she emphasized the good qualities and the benefits derived from attending the Women's Institute meetings.

Mrs. Mellon, of Enterprise, very fittingly replied to this address and thanked the ladies of Tamworth for the kind invitation to hold the convention in their town. This was followed by a few appropriate remarks from the President, Mrs. Piper.

A few minutes were again spent in community singing, "The Maple Leaf" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." The reading of the minutes of the last meeting and the report of the different branch secretaries were very interesting and encouraging.

The president's report of the last year's work was so satisfactory that she was again elected president for another year.

The election of officers was the next order of business and resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. Piper, Tamworth; 1st vice-president, Mrs. W. Jackson, Colebrooke; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Tesker Croydon; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. C. W. Amety Moscow auditors, Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Carscallen, Enterprise; press reporter, Mrs. A. E. Huffman, Moscow.

Following the election of officers the ladies of Tamworth served a very sumptuous dinner, which received full justice. The meeting adjourned until 1.30 p.m.

At the afternoon session the following programme was rendered:

Opening Chorus, "A Song for all the Britons," by Enterprise Women's Institute; paper, "Summary of Women's Institute for the last twenty-five years," by Mrs. Lyall Milsap, Moscow; duet, "A Prospect Fair," Mrs. Mellon and Mrs. Tamworth; duet, "Lullaby," Mrs. W. Shangraw and Miss Doris Asselstine, Moscow; demonstration of making an apron, Mrs. McCallum, Tamworth; paper, "Hygiene of Cheerfulness," Mrs. Mellon, Enterprise; solo, Miss Helen York, Tamworth; demonstration, footing stockings, Mrs. Glen Dudson; address, Mr. Geo. Putman, Toronto.

Mr. Putman arrived a little late and attributed it to the fact that he was delayed by being hailed by 33,000 women to please. He gave a brief survey of the work of Women's Institutes and advised each branch to consider the work and needs of their own community. He referred to the Institute as a school for grown-ups, where women exchange ideas, passing to each other any valuable information for the benefit of homemakers.

The Institutes should be an educational force, never getting above the discussion of home problems and social activities. Mr. Putman closed by saying it was a delight for him to attend this convention, it being the first held in this district.

Mr. Langland, the local representative of Napanee, made a few remarks and offered advice on agricultural subjects at any time. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Putman and those who furnished papers and music, also to the ladies of Tamworth for the excellent manner in which they entertained their guests.

The Women's Institute of Moscow, is to have a basket picnic on June 25th at Camp Killarney, Varty Lake, for the purpose of entertaining Miss E. M. Collins, their summer lecturer. Several neighboring branches have been invited to bring their baskets and enjoy a fine outing. The lecture is at 2 p.m. Follow the finger boards, "Camp Killarney," Varty Lake.

WILLIAM EVANS DROVE FROM TEXAS TO MOSCOW; DISTANCE OF 1,840 MILES IN SIXTY-FIVE HOURS

William Evans, a native of Moscow, Ont., who has been residing in the southern states for many years, left Dallas, Texas, in the third section, on the afternoon of Sunday, May 31st, and arrived in Kingston at 1.30 p.m. on Saturday, June 6th, on the way to visit his brother, James Evans of Moscow.

The story of the trip makes interesting reading. There were five people in the car, including Mr. Evans, his wife, daughter, son and the latter's wife. They made the trip in sixty-five hours, actual driving time, and used 65 gallons of gasoline and 14 quarts of oil. During the long trip they experienced but one puncture, when they picked up a nail. The costs of repairs to the car on the journey amounted to sixty cents. The distance covered was 1,842 miles.

The new French Enamel White Paint is the greatest advance in paint manufacturing of recent years. Absolutely will not turn yellow. One coat covers where two are ordinarily required and it costs no more. Ask for a demonstration at WALLACE'S, Napanee, Agents.

Don't fail to see Marie Paul, "a Virginia Vamp," in Blind Love.

ON PARLIAMENT HILL

Ottawa, June 6th, 1925—Another occasion for the criticism often made of the Parliamentary tactics of Mr. Meighen that his valor frequently exceeds his discretion was furnished by the result of the debate on Tuesday of the week just closed. The Opposition leader in a three hour speech moved his resolution calling for high protection, limiting of British preference to preference received from Britain and some measure for the qualification of transportation charges to advantage the Maritime and the Prairie Provinces. As was pointed out by the Prime Minister in a very brief speech in reply to the Conservative chief, this declaration of fiscal faith had been broadcast over Canada the day before the present session opened in the form of a manifesto later being placed on the Commons order paper as a resolution. Mr. Meighen's valor nearly very much in evidence, deserted him in the Budget debate earlier in the session. At that time he could and should have moved the text of this resolution as an amendment to the motion of the Acting Minister of Finance to go into Committee of Ways and Means; but the disaster that finally befell his document in the vote this week would have been the same in any event.

A SIGNIFICANT MAJORITY

No single division of this session has been of so large significance so indicative of the futility of Conservative hopes that the next election can be successfully fought solely on a high tariff platform. With the Liberals and the Progressives voting solidly against the resolution, the vote was 147 against and 37 for, one of the largest majorities ever recorded against any Opposition in the Canadian Commons. Yet Mr. Meighen and his followers regard this high protection matter as of paramount importance to the people of Canada. To have such a big majority thus registered against their pet policy in what is frequently regarded as a pre-election session is a stern warning to those reactionaries who cherish the hope of coming into power next year.

In his ten minute reply to Mr. Meighen the Prime Minister first made it clear that the resolution must be considered as a motion of want of confidence; second, that as the fiscal proposals and the tariff had been discussed for twenty-four days, there was no useful purpose to be served in reopening the debate. Denying that the present Government was adopting the policy of a tariff commission to control in a measure tariff-making Premier King said: "We do intend to have a board of advisers, who will be qualified to present to the Minister of Finance exact information with respect to matters pertaining to the tariff; who will be able to give to the government the kind of exact information that is all-important in an effort to revise the tariff in accordance with the fiscal policy of the party. But we do not intend to take away from this House of Commons its supreme right in matters of taxation. We intend to regard the tariff as one form of taxation, and always to reserve to hon. members here the settlement of how that taxation is to be levied. The Government will be in a position, in presenting its proposed tariff changes, to show wherein the advice of experts has been obtained and given with regard to the effect of every change that is proposed, and we hope it will be possible to bring about such readjustments in the tariff as will make it a more effective instrument than it has been in the past for raising the vast revenues which in part have to be raised through customs tariff. What we have sought to do is to equalize customs burdens throughout all parts of the Dominion, just as we hope in our policies in other directions also to further that great idea of equalization between all parts.

NO NATIONAL UNITY UNDER HIGH PROTECTION

"I am afraid the speech of my right hon. friend this afternoon, despite the patriotic words with which he concluded, being as it is an appeal for higher protection, can serve only to set the East against the West in this country again, to help to make wider the differences that may exist between the Maritime Provinces and Prairie Provinces and Central Canada. If his policy were to be carried out as a result of any appeal to the people, Parliament when it reassembled would find itself just about where we were in the matter of a national unity at the time when the present Administration took office, a country again divided and disunited instead of united as a country, as in the case today, united from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a common and national sense of closer community of interest between all its parts."

A similar appeal for a closer community of interest and feeling throughout the Dominion was expressed by Robert Forke, leader of the Progressives, who concluded an eloquent speech as follows: "While I am prepared to vote against the resolution, I hope to be the rights of a particular section of our Dominion, I also want the East and the West and the centre of Canada to get justice. We will never arrive at any true settlement of our problems until that settlement is based upon the principles of equity and justice to all concerned. It will not be by giving favors to one particular locality or one party, but by handing out even-handed justice to all the people of the Dominion."

EQUAL DIVORCE RIGHTS FOR WOMEN.

The only other feature of the week was the all-day discussion on Thursday of the bill moved by T. Shaw (West Calgary), placing women of the four Western provinces on an equality with men insofar as the grounds for divorce are concerned. After many divisions, the bill was given third reading in the Senate by a majority of 51. In all the votes of the day, four altogether, party lines were largely disregarded, although the Progressives have preserved a fairly united front through all of them. The remainder of the week was taken up with Estimates and a considerable amount of miscellaneous legislation.

Automatic "Movies."

In a commercial moving picture apparatus the scenes are made visible by daylight as well as at night, and the exhibition is automatically repeated for any period desired. A miniature theater, forming one part of the outfit, is suitable for a show window or other favorable place for display. The other part, the moving picture machine, will operate on either direct or alternate current, and after the succession of pictures has been projected the motion is reversed without attention, and the reel is rewound for a repetition of the display.

Looking Through a Tunnel.

The little circle of the world you see when you are looking through the length of a tunnel is always beautified by contrast. No matter if it is only a stretch of track with a few scrubby trees and an arch of blue sky above it, you, looking from the blackness of the tunnel, think it a picture worthy an artist's brush. To the sick good health seems happiness enough, and those who are in trouble ask nothing better than a mind free from care. But sensible people do not need to be deprived of life's blessings in order to appreciate them.

"She Stoops to Conquer."

"She Stoops to Conquer" grew out of an incident that occurred in Goldsmith's travels about Ireland. He found himself one night very far from home and inquiring the way to an inn, some wag directed him to a gentleman's private residence. There he went, ordered out his horse, demanded the best supper the place afforded and generally gave himself airs. He did not discover his mistake until the next morning when he was about to pay his bill.

Beneficial Shorebirds.

All the shorebirds are strikingly beneficial in their food habits. The slaughter of these game birds deprives the farmer of valuable allies against some of the worst crop pests. Such game birds as quail, grouse and pheasant take less insect food than the shorebirds, yet all of them do a certain amount of good. Even hawks and owls have a bad name which for the most part is undeserved. It is said, and indiscriminate persecution of these birds is a serious mistake.

The Best Service

A store can give its customers is to provide the best possible **VALUES** for the prices asked.

We seek to do this, and it is our purpose to make you feel you can absolutely depend upon the **QUALITY** of your purchases here.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS MERIT YOUR CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

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Everything Neat and Sanitary
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Telephone—279.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON

Sunday, June 21.—Acts 12 : 1-24.

Golden Text—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them (Psa. 34 : 7).

Here is a lesson in contrasts. We have Herod, a King on the Throne, representative of the mightiest Empire of that day. In contrast with the might of King and Throne and Empire are a little group of helpless, unknown Christians.

But in contrast with Herod and his power, again, is an angel of the Lord, representative of a mightier Empire than the Roman, who in a few brief minutes sets completely at naught all the power of Herod and the Empire, its military strength, its laws and its prisons. We shall see more contrasts as we go on with the lesson.

The State started in to persecute the Church. We are not told why: the Jewish leaders were doubtless close to Herod. His persecution was unto the death, and he killed James, the brother of John. Such persecution, resulting in the death of Christians, has occurred throughout the Christian era, and on an enormous scale in the past decade, in Russia and the Turkish Empire. Our Lord predicted it (John 15 : 19-20); it will continue to the end.

The bright side is that special reward is promised to those who are persecuted for Christ's sake (Matt. 5 : 11-12; Rev. 6 : 9-11).

In order to please the Jews still more, Herod laid Peter fast into prison and guarded in a humanly impregnable way. Note another contrast: Paul was shut up in the prison walls, guarded by soldiers and weapons and chains. An onslaught was made against Herod Peter's Christian friends, but not by an attack that the enemy could see. The Christians simply prayed. "without ceasing." Their weapons of their warfare were not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds (2 Cor. 10 : 4).

"Prayer changes things," and God took a hand. On the very night when Herod was about to bring Peter forth to the people, perhaps to have him publicly executed, God sent His angel to rescue Peter. The two chains binding Peter fell away. The two soldiers between whom Peter was sleeping continued in heavy sleep. It was midnight, but a supernatural light shone in that prison. Peter was in darkness. Homely details of what followed are given, as the angel told him to get his girdle on, and sandals, and the two passed out from that impotent stronghold of men and Satan.

God does not often work miracles like that, but He will do anything and everything that is needed in your life and mine if we put ourselves wholly in His hands, believe Him, and pray.

When Peter knocked at the gate of the house where his friends were praying for him through that very night, and tried to tell them that it was he himself, they would not believe. How constantly we doubt God's answers to our prayers! We ask God for a great deal and God answers "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Herod is sending to get Peter. If only we pray through and believe through, our life will be a succession of surprising adventures.

The keepers of the prison, who had failed to keep Peter in, after being executed by Herod were put to death. Was it their fault that they had not succeeded in keeping Peter in bonds? Why, then, should their lives have been sacrificed?

That mystery we may safely leave to God, as we must gladly leave to Him the mystery of sudden death. But we do know this: those keepers were powerful Christ as their Saviour—and we may well believe they had opportunity to do so, with Peter in that prison—then their death meant for them "to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." They were resisting Christ, God Himself could not save them. God is always a God of both love and justice.

One final contrast in this lesson. Herod, after killing James, and imprisoning Peter, and killing the prison keepers, went down to Caesarea and made a Throne oration to his subjects. They worshipped him, calling him a god, and immediately he was stricken by death. "The angel of the Lord smote him," we read; and later in the lesson, "the angel of the Lord smote Peter on the side," arousing him in prison to set him free. When God "smites" us is makes a great difference whether we have received or have rejected Him.

Peter, helped in prison, had given God the glory, and was delivered. Herod on the Throne, powerful and self-sufficient, "gave not God the glory, and he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost."

He Would Scatter Them.

It was the young candidate's first campaign and his very first political speech. He was much encouraged by the hearty welcome extended by the local committee and delighted by the elaborate preparations for the meeting. There was even a band to play on the stand before the speech.

At last the chairman came forward and addressed the crowd as follows:

"Fellow citizens, we have with us to-day a young man that is destined to take a high place in the ranks of our beloved party. He comes to tell us of the burning issues that confront us and his fame as an orator has, of course, preceded him. He will now address you, and when he has finished, the band will call you together again."

Boycott.

The word boycott is only forty-four years old, for it was in 1880 that Captain Boycott, of Lough Mask House, County Mayo, was persecuted by the Irish Land League and much talked about in the newspapers.

The Largest Army.

Russia has the largest army.

Here and There

The entire Province of Prince Edward Island and adjacent islands have been leased for oil prospecting purposes to Henry L. Doherty & Company, according to an announcement by the concern. The lease has been taken on option.

Indications are that 1925 will be one of the best tourist seasons ever experienced by Montreal. It is estimated that 750,000 people from all over the continent visited Montreal last year, while this year the number is placed at a million.

It is understood that a contract has been let for the laying of a submarine cable from Vancouver Island to Suva, Fiji Islands, by the Pacific Cable Board. This is part of the "All-red" cable and wireless route which is being established between British possessions the world over.

In order to facilitate the work of the air force patrol radio stations are being erected at the Pas, Norway House, Victoria Beach, and Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg. The enormous scale in the past decade, in Russia and the Turkish Empire. Our Lord predicted it (John 15 : 19-20); it will continue to the end.

"Judging from the amount of sound business activity noticeable here, British Columbia is launching into an era of constructive development which augurs well for her future prosperity," comments Grant Hall, Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who recently spent ten days on the Pacific Coast.

"So long as the Canadian Pacific Railway has a dollar left in its treasury, it will fight for the ideals, the bold the faith and maintain the precious heritage of confederation," said E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when addressing the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at their annual convention held at Hamilton recently.

Eleven hundred pounds of speckled trout, gray trout and pike were the trophies taken back to New York recently by seven members of the Caughnawaga Hunting and Fishing Club, private preserves near Montreal, after a two-week stay on the fishing grounds. The catch included the 19-lb. gray trout and the average weight worked out at around eight pounds.

Frank W. Ashby, secretary of the Australian Manufacturers' Association, visiting here recently, said the impression in Australia was that Canada was the back door to the North Pole. People in the Antipodes think that Herschell Island and Baffin's Bay are linked up municipally with Montreal and Winnipeg, he said. He was surprised to find the Dominion had a delightful climate and cities more modern than those in Australia.

What is stated to be the biggest log jam in sixty years recently occurred on the Montreal River in a gorge through which the river flows into Lake Temiskaming. 300,000 logs were piled up to a height of 80 feet with a width of 250 yards, choking the river for 300 yards down at the point where the jam took place. An army of 100 men, working night and day for three days, at last succeeded in breaking the jam with dynamite.

A three-week tour of Canada by teachers and their friends, under the auspices of Dean S. Laird, of Macdonald College, will leave Toronto July 20 on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The party will travel by train to Vancouver and Victoria, and will return by way of Southern British Columbia, across the northern end of the Prairie Provinces and by boat from Fort William east. Stops will be made at all the principal points of interest.

One-way Love.

At a luncheon in Chicago recently, Robert Herrick spoke of the large number of divorces granted there. "The Victorians," he went on, "thought love was eternal, but the young people of to-day do not share the Victorian view." To illustrate the ephemeral nature of the tender passion in our day and generation he related the following story: A young engaged couple were discussing their honeymoon when the young man suggested a two-day trip to Cuba.

"But, dearest," said the girl, "you know how afraid I am of seasickness."

"Love is a preventive of seasickness," he assured her.

"Yes, of course," she agreed—then added, "but how about the voyage back?"

The Problem.

She was biddin' her lover a fond farewell, for he was going on a prolonged business trip round the world.

Tearfully she clung to him and asked: "My darling, will you be true to me when you are far away? Promise me that you will write to me from every town you visit!"

And as he gathered her in his arms, he cried: "Oh, Ada, is it love that prompts you to say this? Ada, swear to me, do you really love me—or are you merely collecting foreign postage stamps?"

Tarnish on Brass.

Brass that is rubbed once a week with a piece of flannel moistened with sewing-machine oil is not likely to tarnish.

Ontario's Many Summer Resorts Afford Varied Pleasures

COZY FRENCH RIVER BUNGALOW

A QUARTET OF BIG BASS

Every summer tens of thousands of visitors seek rest and recreation, health and happiness in the fascinating hinterland of Ontario, where woods and waters abound on every hand, each with its especial charm.

A fascinating retreat for fishermen is that part of Ontario, is the French River district. Since the erection of a comfortable, commodious bungalow camp which opened in 1923, visitors have flocked there in numbers that have taxed its capacity. Fighting bass, grown strong in the swift waters of the river, and huge muskellunge are caught in large numbers. Other species are plentiful too.

Many of the Ontario places are easily reached from Toronto. The Muskoka and Kawartha chains of lakes are the annual haven of many visiting families who own cottages, camps and hotels of varying degrees of comfort and luxury. All enjoy the dry, pine-scented air that is a sure remedy for hay fever. Many vacationists are ardent fishermen; others delight in sailing and paddling canoes. The summers are all too brief to satisfy these lovers of Ontario's out-of-doors.

Camps hidden miles deep, away from the railway lines, yield exceptionally good fishing and wholesome food. Such a one is Billy Burke's log camp on Trout Lake, reached by an 8-mile launch ride from Paget station. Ka-Wig-A-Mog Lodge, hidden away from civilization, is about 8 miles from Pakesley, and transportation is via the Key Valley Railway, owned by a Milwaukee lumber concern, which operates a railway bus, mounted on railway car trucks, and fitted with a Ford motor for power. At the sawmill town, this mode of locomotion is exchanged for a motor launch that carries guests to Ka-Wig-A-Mog Lodge, an attractive structure devoted to dining and social affairs. In addition to the Lodge, there are a number of cottages built about an eighth of a mile apart, on both sides of the lake, is a sure remedy for hay fever. Many vacationists are ardent fishermen; others delight in sailing and paddling canoes. The summers are all too brief to satisfy these lovers of Ontario's out-of-doors.

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BUCKWHEAT AS A FARM CROP

(Experimental Farms Note)

Buckwheat is a valuable addition to the general run of farm crops, and can be made as a means of making extra money, by rounding out the farm business, rather than regarding it as an important crop. Undoubtedly more buckwheat would be grown if its advantages were better known and understood.

Buckwheat has sturdy traits which make it valuable in many ways. It is one of the most successful late-planted crops that can be grown. It has the added advantage of generally being sown in early summer when the rush of spring seeding is over, and at the same time requires about as little labor to handle as any crop worth growing. It is practically immune to insect and plant-disease pests.

On account of its rapid growing habits, buckwheat makes an excellent green manure and for the same reason is valuable in checking the growth of weeds. The Central Division has found that by growing two crops of buckwheat in succession and ploughing each under as soon as the first crop is in bloom, we can control couchgrass almost invariably.

Buckwheat is a real money crop to the bee-keeper and a few acres of this crop will mean a considerable source of nectar for the bees.

The average yield of buckwheat runs from fifteen to twenty bushels per acre but yields of thirty-five and fifty bushels have been recorded under very favorable conditions. The prices paid for seed do not vary much and the demand is usually quite steady.

Buckwheat requires a cool, moist climate and under average weather conditions a crop will mature in from eight to eleven weeks.

As far as soil is concerned, buckwheat does well on almost any soil, as long as it is well drained, but it does its best on sandy or light loams. While the seed will germinate and grow on a light, dry soil, the yields will be reduced especially during periods of drought. On a rich, moist soil it is inclined to lodge, and this tendency makes the crop difficult to handle at harvest. The yield is not lowered, however, if the crop is grown on good land.

There are three main varieties generally grown, but the one most commonly found are Silver-Hull and Japanese. The amount of seed to sow varies from one to five pecks per acre, depending on the type of soil it is sown on. The lighter soils require more, and the better land less, seed. The crop is generally sown any time from the middle of June till the middle of July, the earlier seeding is more apt to be blasted if a drought occure when the blossoms appear.

The crop is harvested as soon as the first seeds are fully mature, the remaining seed maturing in the stook. The crop can be cut either by cradle or self reaper and the sheaves put in long stooks until dry enough to thresh.

It has been found that sweet clover may be sown quite safely with buckwheat and usually will add very considerably to the feeding value of the straw. In fact, these crops go very well together, both thriving under essentially similar conditions.

Precious Stones In Plants.

Substances which closely resemble opals and pearls are now and again discovered in certain plants.

The giant tropical bamboos grow in large clumps to the height of 100 feet. In the young stages of growth the hollow stems of the bamboos are filled with a jelly-like substance. As time goes on this dries up and an interesting mineral deposit known as tabasheer is formed.

Some of this plays a part in making the bamboo stems stiff and strong, but now and again there is an excess of the mineral which settles in more or less rounded lumps at the joints of the stem. These are pale blue or white in color, and on being heated become brightly phosphoresceut.

There is a close chemical connection between the lumps of tabasheer in the bamboo and an opal, and the general color and the manner of light reflection are much the same.

Quaint Spanish Custom.

In Spain a curious custom is always observed on Ash Wednesday which is referred to as "The Burial of the Sardine." The principal feature of this is the carrying in procession of a small paper-covered coffin containing a small fish or morsel of sausage, which is buried with great ceremony. This is regarded as symbolical of the burial of all worldly desires and pleasures during the coming fast. At Madrid a vast concourse turns out to watch the burial of the sardine on the banks of the Manzanares.

Waterloo Spots In London.

In the chalk stratum under London there are vast areas, such as Wimbledon Common, Hampstead, and the Crystal Palace, where no amount of digging would find water.

He Sure Has.

"De man dat likes de sound of his own voice," said Uncle Eben, "in most cases has a mighty pore ear for music."

Throw Out Your Chest.

It gives you self-respect and courage.

Smokeless Powder.

The advantages of smokeless powder, besides its virtue of high explosiveness, are twofold. It does not create a smoke cloud that betrays the location of the gun or gunners, and at the same time the man behind the gun is not confused for a second by a pall of smoke that obscures the range of vision in the direction of the enemy.

On Peacemaking.

For a nation to make peace only because it is tired of war, and, as it were, in order just to take breath, is in direct subversion of the end and object of the war which was its sole justification. It is like a poor wayside foot traveler getting up behind a coach that is going the contrary way to his

Odd.

Harker—"Your friend Lambley is rather an odd chap, isn't he?" Parker—"Yes—result of a plunge in the stock market a few years ago." Harker—"How's that?" Parker—"He failed to come out even."

Kerosene.

To remove paint from the hands or wearing apparel wet in kerosene and wash at once.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
ROBT. LIGHT.

AUTO TIRES PRICES REDUCED

Dominion Royal Cord - - $10.95
Guaranteed 8000 Miles
Dominion Nobby Cord - - $ 8.95
Guaranteed 7000 Miles

Graham's Garage
'Phone 218. DUNDAS ST., EAST P. O. Box 567.

LOVE'S MESSENGER

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

(Copyright, 1925, Western Newspaper Union)

When Allen Duryea left the train at Rossville his first move was toward a little one-story building bearing the sign "Peter Warne, Real Estate."

"I've come here on a flying trip," he announced, "and if you are able to sell some property for me I'm ready."

"That is my line of business," answered Warne, shrewdly studying this straightforward client. If the latter had been more experienced in the ways of the world he would have construed that false, sinister face.

"Here is the layout," proceeded Duryea briskly. "My uncle died a few months ago and I was one of the beneficiaries under his will. He left me the Addison tract. Do you know it?"

"Like a book," declared Warne. "It lies along the river where they have the water rights, and a good many plants are likely to go up in time."

"That is my name," apprized the other, tendering a card. "I understand from the executors that the property is worth perhaps thirty thousand dollars. I am willing to take something less if I can dispose of it quickly and for ready cash, for I am offered an opportunity to get into a promising business partnership if I can invest twenty thousand dollars.

A crafty expression crossed Warne's face as he rapidly analyzed the situation: A young and impulsive client, a stranger, and likely to be easily imposed upon.

"See here," he suggested, "suppose you let me drive you over and take a look at the property. I'm afraid you will be disappointed."

Duryea was indeed disappointed when the rattling old buggy driven by Warne reached a broad, deep river.

"There's your land," spoke the latter, pointing out a desolate stretch low and swampy. Beyond in both directions were high lands, but this special expanse made a deplorable slump in the landscape.

"You talk of thirty thousand dollars," spoke Warne. "Well, in twenty years and after a fortune spent in drainage you might get ten—never more."

All the spice and ambition suddenly deserted Allen Duryea. His high hopes were crushed. He stood ruefully viewing the uninviting spot.

"It looks just as you say," he admitted gloomily. "I reckon I will have to begin business life on a more modest scale than I had blocked out. You've got my address. See what you can get for the property. By the way, there is no train cityward for several hours, I understand?"

"That's correct," nodded Warne. "You could make it by walking two miles east and striking a trolley," and he drove off, while Duryea thoughtfully proceeded on foot. He had gone about a mile when, passing a small cabin, he paused to view an old man in tears, directing a pitiful appeal to another, who was reading to him an official-looking document.

"I'm sorry to distrain, Mr. Marsh," spoke the latter, "but law is law. You owe fifty dollars and there's no judgment against you. If you can't pay it I shall have to levy on your rig."

"You take the bread out of our mouths if you do!" sobbed Gabriel Marsh, and just there Duryea stepped up to the official.

"I've a little surplus cash," he said, "and this old man's honest face is good enough for me. Write out a release. I will pay the bill."

"Oh, wait till my daughter comes," pleaded Marsh, when he had recovered from the first access of gratitude and joy. "She is Mabel, and I want to have her see and thank the stranger who has rescued us from ruin. Oh, sir! you have an old man's fervent blessing. There is Mabel now!" and the speaker ran down the road to meet a young girl. Duryea sought vainly to escape the overwhelming gratefulness of father and daughter. For the latter, modest, refined, sincere, he formed an immediate admiration, drawn closer as he heard the story of their struggles to keep the wolf from the door.

He did not readily forget Mabel when he returned to the city. More than once he felt drawn to go again to Rossville and was glad of an excuse when one day he received a letter from Warne, stating that he had found a purchaser of the river tract for four thousand dollars. Duryea was getting ready to go to Rossville when Mabel Marsh entered his office.

"I have come on a strange mission, Mr. Duryea," spoke the young girl. "We learned of your errand to Rossville after you had gone, and father overheard a conversation between Warne and his clerk which showed that they had a plan on foot to swindle you. Warne never showed you the land you really own, which father says is worth a great deal of money. Instead, he had a plot to get your property from you for a song and sell it for an immense sum."

"I have come to close our deal for the forty thousand dollars," announced Duryea to Warne the following day.

"Forty thousand—why, it was four that I offered," corrected Warne.

"Well, even so, I would give only a quitclaim deed, for I understand the land you showed me does not belong to me at all. Mr. Marsh has kindly volunteered to show me my rightful holdings, and I fancy you will be no further interested in its sale."

And then Allen Duryea, with a glad smile on his face, started on his way to the Marsh home—and Mabel!

A Puzzled Reporter.

If I happen to marry a woman with whom I naturally agree, I will turn out a good husband; if not, I'll turn out a bad husband. Find a man and wife who are compelled to "study" each other in order to get along, and who "talk things over" a good deal, and say mean things to each other, and they'd separate if it wasn't for the children, or the name of it.

No Romance.

After Cinderella left, the court chamberlain reported the finding of a slipper.

The prince yawned.

"This a marvelously small one."

"Yes, they buy 'em too small and then they have to slip 'em off to rest their feet."

And that's all there was to the episode.

Discovered Baldwin Apple.

The other day the people of Woburn, Mass., unveiled a granite shaft and bronze figure of a colonial soldier. Col. Loammi Baldwin, who was at the battle of Lexington, and who had a notable war and peace record, but who is best remembered as the discoverer of the Baldwin apple. The apple rather than his war record has made Colonel Baldwin famous.

"And Bells on Their Toes."

An Englishman on first coming to New York remarked: "How clean they keep their streets, and their little children wear rings!"

"I Is" Was Good.

"I is," began a small student. "I am," promptly corrected the teacher. "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," finished the boy.

Games of Chance.

Lots of women who think it is terrible to gamble will buy cantaloupes and see no harm in it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

On the Move

LIKE the "standing army" that "just stood," goods that remain on the shelf are expensive luxuries to any merchant.

ADVERTISING is the force that moves slow sellers from counter to customer. Every advertisement is a salesman of proven ability, reaching every class, creed and sex in the community.

The set-up of an Advertisement is as important as the dress of a salesman. In "THE NAPANEE EXPRESS" special attention is given to Advertising set-up. In our columns

"An Advertisement is an Invitation."

COUNTY COUNCIL

Council met in the Council Chamber on Tuesday afternoon at the call of the Warden.

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman opened the session with prayer. Warden J. L. Smith presided.

The minutes of the last day of the previous session were read and approved.

The matter of the Camden Telephone Co. placing telephone poles on County roads was referred to the County Solicitor for legal opinion.

A petition from employees on the County roads, asking that payment of wages be made every two weeks instead of once a month, was read.

Treasurer Shannon was heard in reference to the above matter.

An account from Kingston General Hospital, re James McGregor, Richmond, $19.00, was read and referred to Richmond Township Council.

A communication from F. W. Barrett, appointing Mr. Geo. Greer his deputy during his absence in Winnipeg, was read and filed.

A notice from the Education Department, re Provincial grant on Schools, was read and filed. The amounts granted were, for Public Schools $1168.70, and Separate Schools $19.64; total $1188.34.

A communication from S. L. Squire, Deputy Minister of Highways, re Road machinery which the Department had a plan on foot to swindle you. Warne never showed you the land you really own, which father says is worth a great deal of money. Instead, he had a plot to get your property from you for a song and sell it for an immense sum."

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"Yes, they buy 'em too small and then they have to slip 'em off to rest their feet."

And that's all there was to the episode.

Discovered Baldwin Apple.

The other day the people of Woburn, Mass., unveiled a granite shaft and bronze figure of a colonial soldier. Col. Loammi Baldwin, who was at the battle of Lexington, and who had a notable war and peace record, but who is best remembered as the discoverer of the Baldwin apple. The apple rather than his war record has made Colonel Baldwin famous.

"And Bells on Their Toes."

An Englishman on first coming to New York remarked: "How clean they keep their streets, and their little children wear rings!"

"I Is" Was Good.

"I is," began a small student. "I am," promptly corrected the teacher. "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," finished the boy.

Games of Chance.

Lots of women who think it is terrible to gamble will buy cantaloupes and see no harm in it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Council met in the Council Chamber on Tuesday afternoon at the call of the Warden.

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman opened the session with prayer. Warden J. L. Smith presided.

The minutes of the last day of the previous session were read and approved.

The matter of the Camden Telephone Co. placing telephone poles on County roads was referred to the County Solicitor for legal opinion.

A petition from employees on the County roads, asking that payment of wages be made every two weeks instead of once a month, was read.

Treasurer Shannon was heard in reference to the above matter.

An account from Kingston General Hospital, re James McGregor, Richmond, $19.00, was read and referred to Richmond Township Council.

A communication from F. W. Barrett, appointing Mr. Geo. Greer his deputy during his absence in Winnipeg, was read and filed.

A notice from the Education Department, re Provincial grant on Schools, was read and filed. The amounts granted were, for Public Schools $1168.70, and Separate Schools $19.64; total $1188.34.

A communication from S. L. Squire, Deputy Minister of Highways, re Road machinery which the Department had a plan on foot to swindle you. Warne never showed you the land you really own, which father says is worth a great deal of money. Instead, he had a plot to get your property from you for a song and sell it for an immense sum."

"I have come to close our deal for the forty thousand dollars," announced Duryea to Warne the following day.

"Forty thousand—why, it was four that I offered," corrected Warne.

"Well, even so, I would give only a quitclaim deed, for I understand the land you showed me does not belong to me at all. Mr. Marsh has kindly volunteered to show me my rightful holdings, and I fancy you will be no further interested in its sale."

And then Allen Duryea, with a glad smile on his face, started on his way to the Marsh home—and Mabel!

A Puzzled Reporter.

If I happen to marry a woman with whom I naturally agree, I will turn out a good husband; if not, I'll turn out a bad husband. Find a man and wife who are compelled to "study" each other in order to get along, and who "talk things over" a good deal, and say mean things to each other, and they'd separate if it wasn't for the children, or the name of it.

No Romance.

After Cinderella left, the court chamberlain reported the finding of a slipper.

The prince yawned.

"This a marvelously small one."

"Yes, they buy 'em too small and then they have to slip 'em off to rest their feet."

And that's all there was to the episode.

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presentation to Highways Department as to beet roots.

Mr. Barrett, Centreville, appeared before the Council in reference to payment for his land expropriated for widening County Road 12 in Camden. Mr. Anderson, County Road Superintendent, stated to Council that cheque had been issued for said land.

The Education and Printing Committee reported, recommending the following payments to Schools:—

Napanee Collegiate Institute	$12,720.51
Newburgh High School	3,925.25
Odessa Continuation	1,814.56
Stella Continuation	2,934.45
Bath Continuation	1,658.25
Tamworth Continuation	2,324.03
Denbigh Continuation	588.29
Total	$25,965.54

Report adopted.

Reeve Graham, Napanee, presented to the Council the County Road Commission's report in printed form, and also made some verbal remarks pertaining to the County Roads.

The Commission asks for an additional appropriation of $12,000 for road purposes in order to complete the construction of the roads laid out in this year's programme, being the road from Close's lane to Napanee and from Odessa north to Hartman's hill.

A motion to grant the Roads Commission $12,000 additional appreprication, was carried.

Mr. Peters asked for the yeas and nays on above motion.

Yeas—Messrs. Campbell, Cousins, Fisher, Mellow, Graham, McNeely, Peters, Rogers, Sexsmith—9.

Nays—Messrs. Miller, McCutcheon, Smith, Yeomans, Young—5.

Several snow shovelling accounts were referred to Superintendent T. V. Anderson for payment.

Three small damage claims to autos were ordered filed.

A report from the Committee on House of Refuge, presented correspondence from the County of Prince Edward, in reference to the offer of that County to take care of this County's poor.

A Committee from Prince Edward County also visited Napanee and consulted the Committee.

The correspondence was laid on the table until Friday.

Mr. Young brought up the matter of road signs.

On motion County Road Engineer Anderson was requested to procure a number of signs.

Friday Morning.

The Finance Committee reported the estimates for the year as follows:

Receipts.	
Sale of Debentures	$24,882.00
Cash on hand	2,143.00
Unpaid County Rate	6,288.23
Miscellaneous	550.00
Administration of Justice	2,200.00
Interest	300.00
Schools	42,000.00
Roads and Bridges	49,591.00
Magistrate's Fees	50.00
Dividend Fund	848.33
Division Court Fund	30.00
14 mill rate	131,422.06
	$260,305.12

Expenditures.	
Oweing bank	$35,000.00
Administration of Justice	6,400.00
Printing and Advertising	2,250.00
Miscellaneous grants	4,200.00
Municipal Government	4,700.00
County Property	1,500.00
Mothers' Allowance and Patriotic	3,200.00
Interest	1,200.00
Insurance, Heat and Light	1,000.00
Roads and Bridges	100.00
Registry Office	800.00
Gaol	2,000.00
Crown Interest	6,401.57
Debentures	10,765.79
Schools	71,000.00
County Roads	82,000.00
Miscellaneous	2,400.00
Houses of Refuge	5,500.00
Unclaimed balance, Roads	4,873.76
Provincial Highway	3,600.00
Balance in the Treasurer's hands	6,790.00
	5,124.00
	$260,305.12

A considerable discussion followed the presentation of the report, which was finally adopted, fixing the County rate for 1925 at 14 mills.

Friday Afternoon.

On motion the County Rate was fixed at 14 mills.

Mr. McCutcheon asked for the yeas and nays on the motion to fix the County rate at 14 mills.

Yeas—Messrs. Campbell, Fisher, Graham, Mellow, Miller, McNeely, Peters, Rogers, Sexsmith—9.

Nays—Messrs. Cousins, McCutcheon, Smith, Yeomans and Young—5.

Ex-Warden R. W. Paul was present and addressed the Council.

Moved by Messrs. Graham and Mellow that the report of County Road Commission be adopted. Carried.

On motion the Warden and Clerk were authorized to pay certain accounts between sessions.

On motion the County Council recommended to the Department of Highways that the road from Nimmo's corner to Camden East be added to the County Road system.

Moved by Messrs. Fisher and McNeely, that the Council recommend to the Highways Department that the road from Yarker to Enterprise be included in County system, and that Road No. 3 be continued westerly to connect with road at Hannah's Corners.

An amendment by Messrs. Graham and Yeomans, that road from Yarker to Moscow be added to County Road system.

Amendment carried.

Mr. McCutcheon of County Property Committee referred to demand of U. M. Wilson, C.C.A., for $200.00 for office expenses.

On motion the County Crown Attorney will be offered two rooms in the Court House or $100.00 per year.

Mr. Graham presented plans and specifications for a House of Refuge, which matter was thoroughly discussed.

On motion each delegate to Toronto, re revision of County Road System, was granted $18.00 for expenses.

A number of accounts were ordered paid.

A second report from the Committee re House of Refuge, was read and adopted.

Saturday.

On motion the account of J. S. Gilmour, $12.00, was ordered paid.

Mr. Peters introduced a by-law to assess, which was put through its various stages and finally passed.

The statement of County Road Committee services was presented and passed.

On motion the Warden and Clerk and Messrs. Graham and McNeely were appointed a committee to further report on the House of Refuge question.

On motion the Townships of Kaladar, Denbigh and Amherst Island will receive the same grants for County Road purposes as last year.

On motion the Township of Sheffield was granted permission to build piers in connection with Tamworth bridge in order to build a walk alongside said bridge.

On motion the matter of repairs to Tamworth bridge were left with the Roads and Bridges Committee.

On a Sack of Explosives.

Mr. Frank Scudamore who recounts this delightful story in his book "A Sheaf of Memories," is one of the most celebrated of war correspondents, and, naturally, has had many interesting experiences.

During the Greco-Turkish war he was watching the opening artillery duel from when the firing ceased at dark, he and a fellow correspondent sought a quiet spot where they might write their despatches undisturbed.

This was not easy to find, as everyone was so pleased with the results of this first day's war that merry parties were being held all over the place.

At last, however, they came upon a storeroom of sort, in which was a profusion of great and small cases, and long boxes, together with innumerable bulging sacks.

"Mr. Scudamore," he said in Greek and very quietly, "will you bring me that candle.' I hastened to pick what was left—it wasn't much—off the sack.

"And the other,' went on the dull voice. I picked that up also and strolled towards him. He seized them both, flung himself back against the wall of the corridor, and laughed long and hysterically. Then after a moment he took me by the hand.

"This is the powder magazine,' he said, 'and your candles were planted on a sack of explosives. Had they burnt another inch, not only would the fort have been blown up, but with it the whole Greek cause."

When It Starts.

Not always, but almost always, the beginnings of mental and moral inferiority are in the home. Efforts of parents to the supreme importance of home training of children and the problems of vice, crime and poverty will be far on the way to solution.

In the Crush.

"I hugged a girl rather tightly the other night and crushed some important cigarettes." "Yours or hers?"

Daily Optimistic Thought.

A good judge will decide according to justice and right in preference to strict law.

McINTOSH BROS.

Have some extraordinary bargains this week. Be sure you call when in town. We will convince you that this is the greatest little Bargain Store you were ever in.

We mention a few items to-day:

CHILDREN'S PLAY SUITS

In Khaki, Blue Chambry, and Black Sateen. Real tub suits. On sale this week at each $1.00

HOSE

Ladies' Art Silk Hose with spliced Lisle Heels and Toes, in all the leading shades. Special..... 2 pairs for $1.00

GIRLS' DRESSES

In Ginghams and Chambrys. All neatly trimmed and embroidered. Some with Pants to match. Sell at from..... $1.00

LADIES' PURE SILK HOSE

With self stripe and plain. They have elastic ribbed tops, London Lady make, in a large range of colors..... Per pair 95c.

ALUMINUM SALE

2 qt. Colonial Percolators.
2 qt. Colonial Double Boilers.
5½ qt. Potato Pots.
6 qt. Convex Kettles.
6 qt. Convex Sauce Pans.
10½ inch Round Roasters.

99c.

8 qt. Preserving Kettles.
8 qt. Water Pails.
10 inch Spiders.
3 qt. Tea Kettles.
Sets 3 Pudding Pans.
Sets 3 Sauce Pans.

97 PIECE DINNER SETS

We have a great selection of 97-piece Dinner Sets, in Plain Band and Fancy Floral Patterns in the newest designs. Priced from..... $18.50 to $30.00

LAUNDRY AND TOILET SOAPS

This week we will sell 46 bars of McIntosh Special Laundry Soap, each bar weighing 1 lb., for..... $1.00

CASTILE SOAP

We have just received another shipment of Castile Soap, in the long bars, a regular 20c. bar. This week we will sell ..... 2 bars for 25c.

ODD DISHES

In Plain White Semi-Porcelaine, Clover Leaf and other patterns. Dishes that you use everyday. All at Extraordinary Low Prices.

BARCLAY'S ROYAL OLIVE SOAPS

A pure Olive Oil Soap that makes a good lather. This week..... 6 cakes for 25c.

Napanee
Campbellford
Madoc

McINTOSH BROS.
NAPANEE BRANCH

Belleville
Cobourg
Kingston

The Wrong Extreme

By MARY JORDAN GARTH

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

"Bound for the city, eh?"

"Yes, Allen," replied Bluff, hearty and handsome Marvin Farr, young enough to be in love with life and all its concomitants, and old enough to be engaged to Mrs. Eunice Brayton, a widow of twenty-eight, pretty as a picture and having, like himself a comfortable amount of means.

"I suppose your property there needs looking after occasionally?" submitted Farr's friend.

"Yes, that, and, confidentially—I'm to look for a wedding ring."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Allen, with genuine pleasure in his face.

"Yes, I've been engaged to Mrs. Brayton since the first of the year, and we're to be married next month."

"You deserve congratulations, old fellow!" declared Allen warmly. "She is a charming lady and you should be very happy."

When he first reached Columbus, Farr had gone to the office of a life insurance company. Next day at his hotel he received a letter from the examining physician of that concern. As he glanced it over he fairly collapsed. He thrust it into his pocket and sat staring at vacancy in a lost way.

He did not sleep that night. He went about like a man haunted with fearsome dread. He quickened his pace whenever he passed a jewelry store, he had no heart in business, and put in time wandering idly about. One day, coming out of a stock broker's office where he had sat casually viewing blackboard and crowd, he came plump up against Arnold Day, the brother of his fiancee.

"Why, Farr!" exclaimed Day. "What's the matter? You look ill."

"Oh, just a touch of indigestion," evaded Farr and Day went on his way, puzzled and wondering.

At the end of a week Farr returned to his home town. He called upon Eunice. She could not help but notice the change in him. He was preoccupied, had lost weight and amazed her at his second call by saying:

"Eunice, I'm going to ask you to postpone the wedding. Something came up in the city that requires my attention for some time to come."

"Marvin, dear, if it is your business, or the lack of money," began the loyal Eunice, "you know what I have is yours."

"Oh, dear! No! Nothing of that kind," asserted Farr stanchly. "Don't ask me to go into details. If you wouldn't mind, let us put off the wedding for a time."

"Most surely, Marvin, provided you let me know your special worry when it gets too hard for you to bear alone."

So affairs drifted on as they had done, only that Eunice began to fret over the great change in her promised husband. One day she told her brother all her vague fears.

"Why, I think I can figure it out," said the latter. "I remember now that I met Farr in the city coming out of one of those speculation joints where men lose thousands in an hour. I'll wager Farr has been foolish enough to invest in some wildcat stock and has lost his money."

Forthwith Eunice approached Farr on the subject. She accompanied it with a memorandum of her means. "It's all yours, Marvin," she said generously. "Come, use it to help you out of your difficulties and become the smiling contented man you were."

Farr was touched deeply. Here was a proof of the earnest love of his confiding fiancee that was simply irresistible. His eyes grew humid, his voice trembled with emotion as he said, "Eunice, I am going to tell you all about it. I have postponed the wedding because I may not live long."

"Marvin! how ridiculous!" immediately cried out Eunice. "Oh, dear! What has ever put that nonsensical rubbish in your head?"

"The best authority in the world," declared Farr gravely. "It is heartrending to think that the future bears no hope for me, because you can never become my wife. I may not live a year."

"If it were only a month, dear, all the more should I wish to be your nurse, your wife."

"You see," confessed Farr reluctantly, "at Columbus I was examined for life insurance to be made out in your favor. I received the report—on my application next day—declined! I think I have the report here. I haven't had the nerve to look at it since I received it," and Farr groped in his pocket and brought to light the document in question.

Eunice grew pale as she read it. According to its contents, Marvin Farr was afflicted with hereditary ailments which had already secured a destructive hold on his bodily functions. She gasped, she turned the sheet over in her hands helplessly. Then she sprang to her feet with a hysterical, but joyous cry.

"Oh Marvin!" she palpitated, "this was not for you. See on the back; the report on Walter Doyle. That's not you. My dear! my dear! don't you understand? They sent you the wrong report, and this Walter Doyle is probably the happiest man in the world because he has been pronounced a perfect paragon of health."

And Eunice threw her arms about the neck of the man she loved, lifted suddenly from the lowest depths of misery to the radiant heights of delight.

Drowning a Village.

The problem of the water supply of the big cities in England is such that villages have to be drowned and lakes lifted to ensure it. We may well hold our breath in wonder at a scheme on which Manchester is embarking at a cost of ten million pounds.

Haweswater, a little Westmorland lake, is to be turned into a reservoir to hold 20,000 million gallons of water, give a supply of seventy million gallons daily, and thus solve Manchester's water problem for a hundred years.

To do this will take ten years, and involve the building of an aqueduct eighty-four miles long. Haweswater is 160 feet above Thirlmere, from which Manchester is at present drawing water, but it will have to be raised ninety feet.

The picturesque village of Mardale Green will be submerged under the new Haweswater, but the quaint old village church is to be rebuilt on higher ground.

WILSON'S - HARDWARE

Put Up

Peerless Fence

This No. 9 Guage, heavily zinc insulated fencing at mail order prices.

ALSO

—Lawn Border.
—Lawn Fencing.
—Poultry Fencing.
—Staples.
—Steel Posts.
—Farm Gates.

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'Phone 138.

Insurance!

Protects you from loss by fire at a small expense.

We have been in the insurance business for years and can give you good service.

Agents for all classes of Insurance.

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Fire, Life, Accident and Auto Insurance

NAPANEE, ONT.

THE FAMILY HERALD
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Both papers from now until the end of 1925

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INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

Office : Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

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The People's Auctioneer

My experience in handling a number of very successful sales has convinced my patrons that I am capable of handling any sale and guarantee to give you perfect satisfaction.

List your sales with me.

H. W. GALLAGHER.

Phone 10 ring 1-3, Adolphustown. 11-3-m

M. MAKER

Is still in Business

All goods are being offered at Factory Prices or less

We can save you from 20% to 30%

We are giving Free with each purchase amounting to $5.00, a Broom, value 50c.

CALL AT

MAKER'S

AND SAVE MONEY!

Paint!

Automobile enamel. Martin-Senour 100 per cent. Pure Paints and Varnishes.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE SICK.

Sickness	Health
1. Destroys peace of mind.	1. Gives mental ease.
2. Hinders success in life.	2. Builds success in life.
3. Causes physical discomfort.	3. Creates physical vigor.
4. Prevents social enjoyment.	4. Stimulates social pleasures.
5. Reduces earning capacity.	5. Increases earning power.
6. Induces poverty.	6. Creates fortune.
7. Weakens personality.	7. Strengthens personality.
8. Shortens life.	8. Lengthens life.
9. Mars personal appearance.	9. Enhances personal appearance.
10. Leads to the grave.	10. Brings a long and happy life.

THE BEST HOPE FOR THE SICK IS CHIROPRACTIC

Here are some diseases in which it has been effective :

Adenoids	Diseases of Women	Insomnia	Rheumatism
Anemia	Epilepsy	Jaundice	Rickets
Appendicitis	Eye Trouble	Kidney Disease	Sciatica
Arthritis	Gall Stones	Liver Trouble	Spinal Curvature
Asthma	Goitre	Lumbago	Stomach Disorders
Bladder Disease	Hay Fever	Neuralgia	Tonsilitis
Bronchitis	Headache	Nervousness	Tuberculosis
Catarrh	Heart Disease	Neuritis	Ulcers
Constipation	Infantile Paralysis	Paralysis	Wry Neck.
Deafness	Piles	Pleurisy	
Diabetes	Pneumonia	Ancestor.	

Electricity and Massage.

DRS. DENNIS P. AND AGNES M. MULLALEY

Graduates of National Chiropractic College, Chicago

Centre St., South of Dundas. 'Phone 301.

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Buy Your Coal NOW

HEAT FOLKS

OPPORTUNITY is knocking at your cellar door. Now is the time to get your coal in. There is no need to pay storage on your next winter's coal when you have space in your cellar that's going to waste. Call the Heat Folks and they will hustle to your home and pack away your winter comfort. You save worry, hurry and dollars.

Call the *HEAT FOLKS* for good, clean coal

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Successors to Hambly & Ming. 24-6m

Vine's Electric Shop

See the National Electric Range when you are about to purchase an Electric Range. Once you see the National no other make will suffice. Sold at Vine's Electric Shop.

Two coal or wood Ranges ; one 3-burner Oil Stove for sale cheap.

Vine's Electric Shop

Market Square, Napanee

'Phone 367.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

10.30—A service in commemoration of Union.
7 p.m.—"Dealing Fairly by Martha."
9.30—Class meeting
11.45—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
Thursday, 7.45 p.m.—Prayer and Praise service.

Make Your Old Car Look Like New.

Martin-Senour Automobile Enamel will do it. Low cost and enduring qualities make it possible for all.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

SPECIAL MEETING

Of the Lennox Fair will be held in the Town Hall, Napanee, Wednesday evening, June 24th, at 7 p.m. All Directors, exhibitors and others interested in the welfare of the Fair are cordially invited to attend. 29-b

Marriage Licenses.

Prospective brides and grooms are warned that after June 13th, Marriage Licenses must be procured three days before the wedding takes place. It will also be necessary to produce the bride's birth certificate, unless the bride accompanies the groom and makes a declaration as to her age.

Dominion Day at Napanee.

Everybody goes to Napanee Dominion Day, because they always have a good time. There will be four horse races for $1350 in prizes, 2.14, 2.19, 2.30 and 2.50 classes. There will be a League Baseball game between Gananoque and Napanee, also a big Dance in the Armouries in the evening.

Changed Hands.

Mr. Harry Skitch, London, has taken over the late Mr. Richardson's studio, and will be remodelled and opened very shortly. Mr. Skitch comes from a family of photographers, and has studied under Professor W. S. Lively, of Tennessee, one of the world's masters of portrait photography. 28-tf

Children's Photographs.

You should have a permanent record of the ever changing expressions of child-life — have their pictures made more often. Preserve the little smiles they have for you now—next year they may have grown out of them, anyway they will be different. Make an appointment today, for a visit in your own home or at my studio. I make a specialty of child-photography.

BERTRAN F. HAWLEY.

Residence—Studio, Dundas Street West.

Ladies' Bowling Club.

A meeting of the Ladies' Bowling Club was held in the Club House on Monday evening. The following officers were elected :

President—Mrs. E. J. Pollard.
1st Vice-President—Mrs. Matthew Taylor.
2nd Vice-President—Mrs. J. E. Madden.
Secretary—Mrs. A. E. Caton.
Treasurer—Miss G. McLaughlin.
Convenors Tea Committee—Mrs. W. Loyst, Mrs. W. Metcalf.

The opening of the season will be on Friday afternoon, June 19th. A tea and musical will be given from 4 till 6, for all members and those wishing to join the club.

Big Day at Napanee Dominion Day.

Seizures at Deseronto.

On Saturday Inspector Frank Naphin and Chief of Police Wm. Bowen seized, in a car at the local dock eight kegs and five cases of whiskey. The liquor was billed through to Havana, Cuba, and was at the dock awaiting to be loaded on one of the boats that ply from the shores here-about to Cuba. The owners of the liquor will get a chance to show the magistrate that all is in accordance with the law and regulations for the export of liquor from Ontario to foreign lands. The boat Walla Lula, alleged to be bound for Cuba (?) with a cargo of whiskey tied up to the Deseronto dock on Friday and reported to the local customs officer as is provided by law. Officers Naphin and Bennett thought that all was not according to the statutes and seized the boat, cargo, crew and all and escorted them to Belleville where they will have a chance to tell the court all about the cargo. It is alleged that the cargo had been broken while in transit to the foreign land and it is said to be a violation of the law to split up a cargo of liquor while on the way to Cuba.

Old Lady Burned to Death.

Mrs. Annie Bey, aged eighty-two years, was burned to death late Saturday afternoon in a fire which entirely consumed the residence of her son, Charles Bey, at Snider's Depot, near Cloyne, in Barrie township in north Frontenac, after she had gone out, and the burning house her little four-year-old granddaughter. It appears that about six o'clock a daughter of deceased had sent out to call her brother to supper leaving the little girl with Mrs. Bey, Sr., who had been bedridden for six year, and in a very short time the deceased smelled smoke and a minute later saw flames break from the kitchen. She warned the little girl to get out of the house, replying that it was impossible to get out herself. The little girl shrieked as she left the burning house and this alarmed the others, who were near by. Help rushed to the Bey home, but when they arrived the flames had gained such headway that it was impossible to get in or to aid the deceased in any way. The terrified onlookers heard deceased say "I'm done" and that was the last.

Don't fail to see Wm. McLaughlin as Col. Tom Bailey, in Blind Love.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

10.30—Holy Communion.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

Radiators.

Have that leaky radiator repaired and put in shape, before it does damage to your car. Good job done. T. Thompson, at Frank Kinkley's paint shop.

Cement !

We are pleased to inform our friends and customers that we have just received a carload of cement and intend to carry it in future as a special line of our business. Your patronage will be appreciated.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Apiary Demonstration.

Professor J. E. Millen, Provincial Apiarist, will conduct a demonstration at the apiary of Henry Rooks & Son, on Monday, June 22nd, at 2 p.m. Every beekeeper in the County should be present, on this occasion to discuss the various problems connected with beekeeping.

Death of Mrs. W. Shier, Tamworth.

Rhoda Shier, wife of John W. Shier, Sr., passed away at Tamworth, on Sunday last. She had been a long and patient sufferer. For the last three years and four months she was unable to raise her head from the pillow and was attended day and night. During her active life she devoted herself almost entirely to the duties of her home and family. She was born at Plainfield, Ont., being the daughter of the late Peter and Hannah Bell. She was wed to the late Mr. Shier, at Napanee, on June 8th, in Christ church, Tamworth, the service being conducted by the rector, Rev. C. A. Poston. She leaves besides her husband, her three sons and one daughter, James A. Shier, Los Angeles, Cal.; Russel E. Shier, Bowesman, Man., and J. Wesley Shier, and Mrs. D. G. Hinchey, Tamworth.

All the world loves a lover. See James Naphin as Capt. Forrest in Blind Love.

THE NEXT-OF-KIN AGENT.

Sometimes It Takes Years Before He Finds Heirs.

Fate plays many pranks with the next-of-kin agent, who may achieve success either by continuous, steady effort or by a million-to-one-against chance. As a rule, it is sheer hard work that wins. A striking proof of this was a case in which a large sum was left by a woman who spent most of her childhood in a Hampshire workhouse, and ultimately became one of the beauties of the French Court. On this case an agent not only worked incessantly for more than two years, but spent £6,000 out of his own pocket without the faintest chance of getting a shilling of it if his claims be successful. He did succeed, and he was amply rewarded.

Another agent once circularised parish clerks, offering a reward for the birth certificate of a certain person. There was no response, and the case was accordingly shelved. But about eighteen months later the clerk of a Suffolk parish sent the missing certificate, stating that when the circular arrived he put it among some papers and forgot all about it till he was on leaving the following year when, happening to see over a shop the same surname as that mentioned in the circular, he had recalled the inquiry. On returning home, he went on to say, he at once searched the registers, and in a few minutes found the record wanted.

In another baffling case the fund was in possession of the Indian Government and stood in the name of a certain lieutenant. Much research was practically fruitless, and ultimately the matter was put aside. One day the agent who had spent so much time on it to no purpose was consulting a volume of the Army List, when he happened to light on a biography of the lieutenant, who was there said to be the son of a well-known K.C., and a victim of the Khyber Pass disaster in 1842.

The rest was easy. After tracing the decline of the family, the agent found, first, that the only representatives of the eminent pleader were two domestic servants, a rural postman, and a man who was a cobbler in winter and a seaside preacher in summer; and it was among this quartette that the money of the K.C.'s son was divided.

Stranger still, perhaps, was a third "find." For years an agent vainly tried to locate a certain man. Having nothing particular to do one afternoon, the searcher idly lifted an old Berlin directory from a shelf, opened it at random, and then rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was not deceived. The very first name on which met his gaze was that of the man he had looked for till he was tired!

There was a possibility that this might be one of those similarities in personal nomenclature which give so much trouble in genealogical research. But inquiry in Berlin showed that the owner of the name was indeed the person wanted, and shortly afterwards he received a sum which had been unclaimed for a very long period.

The most remarkable discovery of this kind, however, was probably one made in the Record Office. While consulting a list of convictions kept in that institution, an agent accidentally came upon the name of a certain man who had been transported for poaching, and had died in Australia intestate and without known heirs, leaving an estate worth about £1,000,000. Since his death the next-of-kin had been extensively advertised for without success.

The record gave the old convict's native place, and on going there the agent had little difficulty in getting on the track of the long-sought next-of-kin, who ultimately divided among them the money left by their hitherto forgotten ancestor.

Frank Bell always a favorite in Napanee, will have a prominent role in Blind Love.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

Sunday will be observed as Consummation Day.
Morning - 10.30—Communion service.
11.45—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
7.00 p.m.—Evening service. Subject, "The Meaning of Church Union."
The pastor will preach at both services.

TARIFF REVISION

With reference to a proposal of the government to have an advisory board report to the Minister of Finance on taxation, whether in the form of Customs duties, income tax, or any other forms, the idea of the Opposition is to form a tariff commission, with power to make examinations on their own account and suggest recommendations to the government.

But the proposal for such a body takes away from Parliament altogether the settlement of the fiscal policy, according to Premier King, it is utterly impossible to remove from the arena of the House of Commons the settlement of the fiscal policy of the country. Parliament necessarily concerns itself with, amongst other things, the business of taxation, and from time immemorial has exercised the right of imposing taxation.

That right should never be handed over to any tribunal of men, no matter whom they may be, but should always be in the hands of the representatives of the people. In the House there are representatives of agriculture, of labor and of all classes that go to make up the population of the Dominion, and this is the place where the voice of the people should be heard.

In order to deal intelligently these matters of the tariff, this complicated question of taxation, the Minister of Finance should have attached to his department experts of great experience, who will command the confidence of labor, of agriculture, of manufacturers and others. These experts are available and will be consulted, their advice being founded on fact and not on esoteric theories.

One thing is certain. The position of the government is that if you are going to levy a tariff, then protect the people as a whole and not merely a favored few. Have the tariff so arranged that it will help to bring in revenues to the country in a manner that will relieve taxation and not add to it, thereby conserving the best interests of the Dominion.

Big Day at Napanee Dominion Day.

HANDLING NATURAL SWARM

(Experimental Farms Note).

"There is a swarm of bees clustering in one of my trees—that's what usually comes the telephone messages.

If you have no beekeeping equipment invert a box over the cluster and smoke or crowd the bees up into it ; then place them where they will be undisturbed and secure a hive as soon as possible.

A beekeeper would use a complete hive containing frames of full sheets of foundation or drawn comb and would have a smoker going in case of need.

To prevent the swarm from deserting, open brood is often used, if procurable, or an excluder is placed between bottom board and hive body.

If the branch on which the swarm is clustered is unimportant, it should be cut without disturbing the bees, carried to the hive and the bees shaken from it in front of the entrance. Drive the bees into hive by a few puffs of smoke.

Should the cluster support be immovable, brush, jar, crowd or smoke bees into a box from which they are dumped in front of the hive entrance.

In case of a queen with clipped wings, procedure is more simple. While the swarm is in air, the clipped queen should be found on grass a few feet from the hive entrance, and caged. Next, move the hive to a new location, substituting in its place a complete hive, already described, and stack the partly-filled supers, removed from the old hive, above. The caged queen is placed in the entrance and all is ready for the swarm which will mount returns and enters the hive in search of the queen. When a goodly number of bees have entered the hive, the queen is released and enters, and then all again start work with renewed vigor.

MARLBANK.

Nice cool weather is here again, and after the extreme heat, it is really enjoyable.

There has been a lot of fishing done lately and some really good catches of muskels are being brought home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess York, Calvin York, Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Miss E. Benn motored to Lindsay on Sunday last to visit Miss Ruth York, a nurse-in-training there.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Baxter and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Baxter, of Pt. Anne, spent Sunday last with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and family spent Sunday last at Beaver Lake.

The merchants are all enjoying the Wednesday half holiday again.

Mr. J. Kimmett, of Roblin and Miss Marion McLaughlin, of this village, were quietly married in the Methodist church on Wednesday. Their many friends here all join in wishing them much happiness and prosperity.

Insure Your Buildings !

Against decay, by using Martin-Senour 100 per cent. pure paint, and improve your home surroundings 100 per cent. We also carry Government Standard White Lead, best Boiled Oil, Turpentine, etc.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FUNERAL AND MOTOR EQUIPMENT
CASKETS, ROBES, SHADES
EMBALMING

Canada's Underground Railways.

When we talk of railways in Canada, says the Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior, we naturally think only of the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific systems. These two organizations, for one reason or another, are constantly getting into print.

Canada, however, has other railways, quite as important for the purpose for which they are being used as the two larger systems. In the coal mines of Nova Scotia there are over 6,000 miles of underground passageways, which have been excavated to produce the coal for which that province is noted. In these passageways, there are laid over 300 miles of railways, on much of which electric locomotives and trains of cars bring the coal to the bottom of the shaft. This railway line is rarely heard of for the reason that we are more interested in the coal than in the means of securing it.

In British Columbia's forests there are 21 railways, with 615 miles of railway line, equipped with 116 locomotives and the necessary cars for bringing out the logs. These are not in any sense toy railways. They are standard in every respect and have to pass inspection. We hear much of the size of some of the logs taken out of the forests of British Columbia, but give little thought to the means of getting them out.

In Northern Ontario many miles of railway are laid underground to bring out the gold, silver and nickel ore of that wonderful mining area. These are not heard of, as only the metal production is considered.

The part these railways play in the development of Canada's natural resources is of the greatest importance, and will increase as the exploitation of our mines and forests proceeds.

Sharks.

From the head of the shark we obtain material for glue. The fins are prized by the Chinese and realize about twelve shillings a pound. The body makes a good fish meal, and the oil from the liver commands a good price.

It is the hide, however, which is most valuable, as it is almost indestructible. The leather is excellent for shoes. Finer grades of the finished leather are used for upholstering.

The outer strip of shagreen must come off in the first place, and a process has been developed which takes this away. It has the exact properties of sandpaper of the rough variety. For very fine work on wood polishing, the shagreen of the baby shark cannot be excelled.

No Ambition.

A certain Parliamentary candidate in England was trying his level best to win the hearts of his audience.

"I am English born and bred," he announced. "My father and grandfather were English, my wife is English, my works are in England, and my workpeople are all English."

At that point a pitying voice came from the back of the hall.

"Oh, mon," it said, "hae ye nae ambeetion?"

The "Love Bird."

Canaries are being superseded as pets by the budgerigar, more frequently called a "love bird," because of its devotion to its mate. The common green variety can best be had in a pair, while a pair of white birds is priced at £200 and over.

Alma Wales, as Mary Peyton in Blind Love, will prove a delight to her many Napanee friends

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

The unhappiness of success and the happiness of failure in marriage are emphasized in an unusual way in "MARRY AGAIN." Lloyd Hughes plays the role of a young man struggling against the displeasure of a father who disapproves of his choice in marriage.

Also a Fox comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

The powerful story of a man who buys and pays for a woman's title and social position, considering love as "simply amusement for fools" is "GERALD CRANSTON'S LADY."

And next episode of "THE FAST EXPRESS."

Also a good Comedy.

MONDAY

In "THAT DEVIL QUEMADO," Fred Thomson takes a particularly picturesque and sensational role ; and during the course of the action he steals two brides, just as they are about to be married to the prospective grooms.

And a 2-reel comedy.

TUESDAY

One show only at 8 o'clock. "HUNTING WILD ANIMALS IN AFRICA."

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.

NEWSPAPER WASTEBASKETS.

The wastebaskets in newspaper offices are large and plentiful, for a reason that is worth more than a passing notice. It is an old story about the great business successes that have been achieved by the judicious use of advertising in this modern world, and people have actually tired of hearing how millions spent in publicity wont have returned us increased profits to those who invested them. But the wastebaskets in the newspaper offices tell the story in another way, from a negative point of view as it were. One of the biggest tasks that faces the public today is the elimination of free publicity.

Every mail delivery brings its large supply of free material. Read it through, however, and it will soon be found that woven into the thread of the story is a big piece of free advertising of some product or some individual. This is the waste paper that goes into these large receptacles, and it never gets nearer the press room than as it passes on its way to the baling machines.

But, consider the compliment that all those space seekers are paying to legitimate advertising. Surely if newspaper publicity were not so valuable so many people would not be spending their best efforts and using every cunning device to secure even a little of it.

Many a business man, though his ad is now becoming a habit-er—who would not spend a dollar to advertise his business, will ride blocks past his regular street car to talk to a friend of the reporter, about his exploits, let us say, as a fisher or a hunter. He would like to have his prowess in this direction to his neighbors. Other examples will come readily to mind.

Newspaper wastebaskets are large indeed, and nearly always overflowing. The discarded publicity matter that leaves the capacity is one of the most concrete and sincere acknowledgments of the value of newspaper advertising.

The Market Grocery.

Fresh pure lines of groceries. The finest quality English peels, sultanas, currants, navel oranges. Royal Household flour, Ogilvies rolled oats, corn meal and wheat granules. Ogilvies name means quality. The highest standard in teas and coffee always in stock. Try this store with your order.

THOMPSON BROS.

YOUR BOOTS

Will last twice as long of you bring them to us and have them repaired. We repair rubber boots.

SEYMOUR BROS.,
Near Post Office.

Celestine Daly, who has appeared in every play that Mr. Bird has played in Napanee, will have a prominent solo part in Blind Love.

Shur-on No.2324

Ask for Shelltex Shur-on No.2324

ANNOUNCEMENT

It gives me pleasure to inform the people of Napanee and vicinity that I have found it necessary to move into larger quarters.

I have opened my new establishment next to Haines Shoe Store, Dundas street.

Centrally located, and with the finest equipment known to modern optometry, I solicit the opportunity of serving you. As in the past, I will endeavor to meet the confidence that the public so generously have shown in me.

In order to give my many patrons better service I have installed a complete grinding plant.

Repairs will be promptly attended to.

Dr. Leslie Lewis, - Eyesight Specialist

Napanee's Prosperity Depends Upon Its Citizens - Boost Your Home Town

Don't call the plumber when the sink drain gets choked. A little Gillett's Lye will probably clear it in a few minutes. Scores of other uses around the sanitary home.

GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE

LIGHTLESS LIGHTHOUSES.

Sends Forth "Flashes" of Sound Beams.

A queer-looking structure of steel lattice-work stands on an island in the Firth of Forth, Scotland. It is the latest thing in lighthouses, but in appearance it is far removed from the conventional.

It is a wireless lighthouse; instead of flashing out beams of light, it sends forth "flashes"—of sound beams by means of a system of wireless transmission. To profit by these signals a ship must, of course, be fitted with special receivers, which will also indicate the direction from which the signals are coming.

This new sort of lighthouse is going to provide captains of ships with something they have hitherto sighed for in vain—a means of keeping exact track of the position of their ships when near a coast in fog. The great want of such help was demonstrated by the stranding in fog of a cross-Channel steamer near Dieppe.

Mariners will now look for an extension of these lighthouses without lights. In the thick and foggy weather so common on the British coasts, and so impervious to the most powerful old-fashioned lighthouses, the new "beams" will be welcome and of incalculable value.

But in clear weather the oil light-houses will still be popular. For, after all, seeing is believing; and there is something very re-assuring in the strong, confident wink of a lighthouse which you know as an old friend.

Perhaps the new application of wireless against fog will not stop short at lighthouses and lightships. Ships themselves carry strong lights, but something that can penetrate fog has been wanted ever since Noah's ark went a-drifting.

In thick weather at sea ships have to make use of foghorns and steam whistles to—they hope—keep clear of each other. An apparatus with a restricted range which would enable ship to locate ship at a distance of a mile or two would be a boon beyond estimation to fog-bound mariners.

At present you take blind chance at sea in fog; with directional wireless at your command chance would cease to be blind.

A Poet's Inspiration.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was a great friend and admirer of Goldsmith, came upon him unexpectedly one day when he was writing "The Traveler." Sir Joshua, approaching the door, heard Goldsmith discoursing most earnestly as if delivering a sermon. Entering, the artist found the writer lecturing a little dog which was trying to balance himself on his hind legs. Looking over Goldsmith's shoulder, Sir Joshua found that the ink of the last line of "The Traveler" was still wet, indicating that a dog may be an inspiration to a poet.

DUST FROM FALLING STARS.

Twelve Thousand Tons of Star Dust Fall Annually.

It is estimated that over 12,000 tons of star dust fall annually on the earth, according to W. J. C. Murray, M.B.A.A.

This dust, continues Mr. Murray, may have originated from a comet, or be the fragments of a great star which crashed in their orbits ages ago, or the result of some other celestial catastrophe.

Usually it reaches the earth's surface as fine dust, but it first encounters our atmosphere in the form of a meteor, or more familiarly a "shooting star."

These "shooting stars" are small masses, usually of iron or stone, either following the orbit of a comet long since dispersed or circulating in interplanetary space.

They impinge on our atmosphere with a terrific velocity, become incandescent through friction with the air, and in a few seconds are either consumed or they explode with great force, and the ashes fall to the earth as star dust.

In view of the tremendous number of meteors that hourly plunge into the earth's atmosphere, 12,000 tons annually is a very moderate estimate.

The average number of meteors visible hourly in the whole night-sky from a fixed position varies between 30 and 60. But as only those within a few hundred miles are visible to an observer, the computed total is of fewer than several millions daily.

Shooting stars vary much in size, but assuming the average weight to be a quarter of an ounce, then the fall of star dust is close upon 100 tons every twenty-four hours.

The fall is continuous throughout the year. It is at a minimum now, and reaches a maximum in autumn. Yet it would take a thousand million years before sufficient material had fallen to overlay the earth to a depth of one inch.

Occasionally meteors are so large that they reach the earth's surface before they are entirely consumed.

If their fiery flight has been seen by one or two competent observers, the place where they lie buried can be determined and their composition discovered. Limestone and magnesia, iron and sometimes nickel are found, but so far no element not known on earth has been discovered.

The fine dust which collects on our shelves and cornices contains a small percentage of star dust. But among the largest "pieces" that have yet been recorded is that which fell in Greenland and was conveyed by Commander Peary to New York. It weighed 36½ tons.

The Turkey.

The turkey belongs, with the cock and hen, to the gallinaceous family. How it came by the name has long been a matter of discussion, but it is certain that this valuable bird was introduced into Europe from the new world, and in its introduction had nothing to do with Turkey or the Turks. But it is almost as unquestionable that the name was originally applied to the bird which is now known as the guinea-fowl, and there is no doubt that some authors in the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries curiously confounded these two species. As both birds became more common and better known, the distinction was gradually perceived, and the name "turkey" became restricted to that from the new world—possibly because of its repeated calls—to be syllabeled turk, turk, turk, whereby it may be almost said to have named itself.

In early times the wild turkey was commonly come upon in what is now south-western Ontario, in the valley of the Ohio, and throughout the whole Mississippi country. The Indians made good use of this excellent table-bird, and it furnished many a meal to the white pioneers.

Farther to the south on the borders of Guatemala and British Honduras, there exists a perfectly distinct species whose plumage almost vies with that of a peacock in splendor while the bare skin which covers the head is of a blue studded with orange caruncles.

STORIES OF OUR SPORTS:

Football Was Played at Beltane Festivals in Scotland.

There have been many discussions as to which is the best game, which is the most popular, the most beneficial to those playing it, and which is the oldest.

The last question is not the least interesting. For golf it is claimed by some authorities that it was introduced into Scotland from Holland as early as 1425, and that the Dutch played the game at least two centuries before we learned it. The English did not take up golf until about 200 years after it was played in Scotland, the year 1608 saw the date of the formation of the Blackheath Club, which is said to be the oldest south of the border.

Perhaps the palm for possessing the longest of "lang pedigrees" in games ought to be given to football. This game was played, in one form or another, in the ancient days of the Beltane festivals in Scotland, and there was football in the time of the Romans.

The game of bowls is generally associated with Plymouth Hoe and the coming of the Spanish Armada, but, of course, it is much older than that, and is believed to date from about the time immediately following the invasion of England by William the Conqueror. At any rate, there has been handed an edict prohibiting bowls on account of its interference with the practice of archery.

Cricket, too, is believed to be about eight hundred years old. In its original form, however, cricket would seem to have resembled the American game of baseball, or the children's game of "rounders," having been played without any stumps.

Tennis celebrated its jubilee last year, but the game is not quite so young as this would seem to indicate. The form of tennis played nowadays came into vogue only half a century ago, but in other forms it has been played for many centuries, and, indeed, is really one of the oldest of our ball games.

Croquet and lacrosse have not, perhaps, the vogue they once enjoyed, but they still have their devotees. The former originally bore the name of pall-mall, and was a popular pastime centuries ago. Lacrosse, again, was played by the Indian natives of America before Columbus discovered the great continent of the West, receiving its present name from one of the early French missionaries to America, who wrote the first description of the game.

Polo is scarcely to be called a popular game, in the ordinary sense of popularity, but it may not be amiss to include it in this reference. Polo certainly has an interesting history, for it had a great popularity in the time of the ancient Greeks, and was also played in Persia, India, and other Eastern lands centuries ago.

A New Star

By EDNA T. STEWART

From childhood I had a passion for personating some character. In other words, I was born with dramatic inclinations. When quite a little girl I read Shakespeare's plays that I found in my father's library and took pleasure in spouting the lines of the heroines. One day I would be Juliet leaning over the famous balcony; another I would be Queen Catherine; another, Rosalind.

When I was fifteen years old my father died, leaving my mother with six children to support and without the means to do so. We all had to do something to put money into the family treasury, even if it were only the very smallest amount. Very naturally I chose the stage. That is, I wished to go on the stage, but to get there I did not know. Had I been a boy I might have gone from one theater to another till I found a position as supernumerary and from that vantage point watched for an opportunity to take small minor parts. Being a girl, I could not do this.

How I finally got on the stage doesn't pertain to this story, which deals with an opportunity to get into public favor. I am speaking of the days when vaudeville plays were enacted on the stage, before the coming on of the scenic wonders, burlesques and the like that have driven the drama away. I had been taking minor parts for several years and had been an understudy for one part. Had the actress under whom I was studying ever been sufficiently indisposed to permit me to take her place it might have enabled me to make a hit. But she never failed to appear.

A celebrated playwright wrote a play which he called "Joan of Arc." He wrote the part of Joan, expecting that Mme. G., then the most remarkable tragedienne on the stage, would impersonate the Maid of Orleans. Members of our profession when they once climb to the top round of the ladder are apt to forget the snubs they have endured when they were struggling on the lower rounds and to delight in showing their independence, or perhaps it is the memory of these very snubs that gives them a desire to exercise their will to include it in this reference. Mme. G. without giving any reason refused to play the part.

The author of the play was in a distressing position. He had spent many months on it, and had built it especially to display the remarkable histrionic ability of Mme. G., and there was no other actress who, so far as was known, could aspire to play it. The playwright's methods did all they could to win Mme. G. over, but with no success. She remained obdurate.

One evening I was surprised at a call from an actor who was to have appeared in "Joan of Arc" and had been greatly disappointed that the play could not be produced. Without explaining the object of his visit he asked me to read a few lines from several of the principal Shakespeare's parts. When I had finished he left me as abruptly as he had come. The next day he came again with the author of "Joan," and I was obliged to read the parts I had read before. They left with me the play that had been written for Mme. G. and asked me to learn it. They came again when I had done so, heard me recite certain passages and delightedly told me that they wished me to assume the principal role.

When the time for a rehearsal came round an audience of some twenty or thirty persons, mostly connected with the stage, was present. What was my surprise to see among them Mme. G. I inferred that she had come to see if, indeed, there was a person who could take her place. Her presence did wonders in spurring me to do my best. I received great applause, and Mme. G. clapped her hands languidly. This faint praise spurred me on still further, and I surpassed myself.

When the play was finished Mme. G. went to the author and said:

"I am ready to take the part of Joan."

I looked at him, wondering what he would say. A light came into his eye as he replied:

"Madame, this play was written for you, supposing that you were the only woman in existence who could take the part. Your refusal instead of being a misfortune has turned out a benefit. A new star has appeared above the horizon. You have enjoyed exclusive prominence for a long while. From this hour you will have to divide it with another."

Mme. G. disappeared, and I, running to the author, threw my arms about his neck.

Her friends endeavored to persuade him to throw me over and give the part to Mme. G., not that she could play it any better than I, but on account of the eclat she would give his work. But he stood firm for me.

I nerved myself for the first performance, realizing that I must stand or fall by it. The story had got abroad, and the house was packed, largely by theatrical people, many of whom had suffered from Mme. G.'s selfishness. I forgot everything except that I was Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, and throughout the evening received enthusiastic applause. The author's prediction was verified. I was indeed a new theatrical star. From that time my reputation began to grow, and that of Mme. G. who was getting old, began to wane.

Was He Really a Hero?

By F. A. MITCHEL

A man, quite the worse for wear, a crutch under one arm, opened a gate and limped up the walk. In the center of ample grounds stood the house, the whole forming one of these old English places that denote age and respectability. On the way he met a girl, leading a big dog, which, seeing the disreputable person who had entered the grounds, growled. The girl reproved the dog, then looking at the man, said:

"Would you like something to eat?"

"I certainly would."

"Go up to the house. I'll be there in a few minutes and will see that you are given something."

The man bobbled up to the house and going to the porch seated himself on a wicker chair. In a few minutes the girl returned and seeing him sitting on the porch gave him a look that was intended to annihilate him. He paid no attention to her, and after regarding him for a few moments she went into the house. Presently a butler came out on to the porch with a salver on which was a meal, and set it down on a table. The man, who was evidently very hungry, applied himself to it, then asked the butler if he could give him anything to wash it down. The butler gave him a more forbidding look than his mistress and disappeared. After a conference with her he returned with a decanter and a glass. The man took a stiff drink, then told the butler to say to the young lady that he would like to speak with her. In a few minutes she came out and stood waiting for what he had to say.

"I am a discharged soldier," he said, "from the army in Belgium."

The girl's manner changed at once.

"Did you ever meet Captain Trevellion there?" she asked.

"I was with him constantly!"

"Indeed!"

"That accounts for my making myself at home in this house."

"If you had told me that you were a friend of his I would have given you a more cordial reception."

"You are one of those who rented the place after Trevellion's departure, I suppose."

"Yes; we moved here a few days after he went to the front."

"You never saw him?"

"No. I've been told he is a very handsome man."

"Handsome! Who told you that?"

"Every one who has ever seen him considers him handsome."

"I've seen him every day for ten months, and I never saw anything good looking about him."

"That's probably because you're seen him dressed no better than you. You can't expect a man to be fine looking got up as you are."

The man smiled. "You would never take me for a handsome man, would you?"

There was no reply to this. Silence gives consent.

"I suppose," said the girl, "you will admit that Captain Trevellion is brave, since I hear that he has won the cross?"

"How did he get it? He simply went out in advance of the line andcaptured another fellow in. There was nothing more in that than all going together. In fact, when we went together they were firing at us together."

"You seem to be a friend of Captain Trevellion and be jealous of him."

"I jealous of him! I'm just as brave a man as he, and when I'm dressed up am just as handsome."

"Maybe you are not," retorted the girl angrily. "You are not as modest as he." She was going into the house when he called her back.

"What would you say if I told you that I have the cross as well as Trevellion?"

"I wouldn't believe you. Only modest men are brave."

He put his hand inside his flannel shirt and drew out a cross made of gun metal. The girl looked at it with wide open eyes. But she was evidently not convinced.

"How did you get it away from him?" she asked. "Did you take it when he was asleep?"

The man laughed. When his mirth had subsided he said:

"I'll not deceive you any longer. You are very good to have had so much patience with me. I'm Trevellion. I've come back with the cross, but I've come back a wreck. I felt that I must come to my old home, though it is in the hands of strangers. I wonder if I can be taken in here till I get some strength?"

He said this so despondently that the girl's heart was touched.

"I've no doubt that you can, Captain Trevellion. I'll go and ask mamma."

"Stay," he said. "Of those who are accounted heroes are not heroes. They give us these baubles to make us think we are that they may make us fodder for shrapnel. Let me rest for a moment, then I will go on. I said what I did about remaining here in a moment of weakness."

He poured out another glass from the decanter, drank it and, rising, made as courtly a bow to the girl as he could under the circumstances, then slowly descended the steps and limped down the walk.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "I wonder if he is really brave or a liar and a coward. He certainly don't look like the heroes I've read of in story books."

Very likely he was all three. War has its realism as well as other departments of life.

LAND OF TOPSY-TURVYDOM.

When a Son Is Not His Father's Heir.

When one thinks of matriarchy one automatically imagines an institution which existed in remote times. The general idea is that the women of the tribe who wielded power when the world was young were unable to preserve their monopoly, and men gradually usurped their rights and since then have reigned supreme.

It will, therefore, come as a complete surprise to most people to learn that there is a large belt of country in southern India where matriarchy still flourishes as if the hands of the clock of time had not moved at all, in that respect, during scores of centuries. And what is still more surprising, the people in that region do not live in hovels and amid primitive conditions. On the contrary, education flourishes among them even to a greater extent than it does in other parts of India side by side with matriarchy are, indeed, to be found institutions highly prised in Europe and America.

This land of matriarchy is known as Malabar. It is washed on one side by the warm waters of the Indian Ocean, and cut off from the rest of India by long series of hills. It is a land of cocoanut palms and paddy fields, where nature lavishly rewards the diller of the soil.

Among the Nairs, who constitute the backbone of the community in this part of the country, the title to property goes to the women and descends through them. That is also the case in respect of the thrones of two Maharajas whose States — Travancore and Cochin — are situated there. The heirs of these rulers, who are Hindus by religion, are not their own sons, but their sister's or niece's sons.

His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore has a son grown to manhood. So has His Highness the Maharaja of Cochin. But when they die their sons will not succeed them on the throne.

The future Maharaja of Travancore is a boy who was born about twelve years ago to an adopted grand-niece of His Highness. Similarly, in Cochin, the Heir Apparent is descended from the Maharaja's sister's side of the family.

As is the case in respect of inheritance in the ruling dynasties of these States, so in the case of rich and poor among the Nairs. A son born to a young couple is not their heir. He will, on the contrary, inherit, in due course, the property belonging to his mother's people. In other words, he is the maternal uncle's heir. His father's estate will, on the other hand, descend to his sister's son. If he does not have a sister, he will adopt one, and her son will come into his estate.

To people used to modern institutions, this system seems complicated. It sounds, indeed, as if it were no system at all. But when they die their sons will not succeed them on the throne.

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In actual practice, however, the system works so well, and the ideas involved are so based have become so ingrained in the people, that attempts made recently to substitute the patriarchal, that is to say, the system in vogue in the world at large, in place of the matriarchal institution have not made much headway. A law was passed some time ago permitting a man to bequeath the property acquired by him, as distinct from that inherited by him, to his own children. The matriarchal instinct is, however, so strong that so far comparatively little advantage has been taken of this legislation, and matriarchy continues to prevail.

Malabar is, therefore, a land of vivid contrasts. Side by side with matriarchy flourish the arts and sciences of modern America, and the ideas evolved by Western civilization.

A Work of Art.

A schoolmaster in an Old Country village set his pupils the task of writing an essay on cows. One of the bright and brilliant lights of the school, after much toil and preparation, produced the following:

"Cowes have an annual regatta, yet the cow is not a nautical animal.

"The cow is a good mother, and will look caifter her calf most lovingly. By the cow is the milk made. I know this to be true, for I have seen the milk-maid by the cow.

"Also there is an old song about the cow entitled, 'For Helfer and Heifer.'

"When a cow goes lame a pair of crutches can be obtained from the veterinary surgeon; but they are called by a special name, which is accidental.

"Cows are very fond of resting; they will lie in fields but not on cowches, they don't go in sofa as that.

"As a whole cows appear to do very well, for even when they are dead they generally make both ends meet; for the cow has one at that at those many calves die young. Why this should be so I can't say, but perhaps the butcher might reveal the secret."

A Printer's Mistake.

The flower show had been a great success, and a few evenings later Councillor Smith, who had performed the opening ceremony, was reading the local paper's report of it to his wife.

Presently he stopped and, snatching up his stick, rushed from the room. Amazed, his wife picked up the paper and read:—

"As Mr. Smith mounted the stage all eyes were fixed on the large red nose he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance."

Conditional.

Eloping Bride: "Here's a telegram from papa!"

Bridegroom (eagerly): "What does he say?"

Bride: "Do not come home and all will be forgiven."

STORIES OF OUR SPORTS:

Football Was Played at Beltane Festivals in Scotland.

There have been many discussions as to which is the best game, which is the most popular, the most beneficial to those playing it, and which is the oldest.

The last question is not the least interesting. For golf it is claimed by some authorities that it was introduced into Scotland from Holland as early as 1425, and that the Dutch played the game at least two centuries before we learned it. The English did not take up golf until about 200 years after it was played in Scotland, the year 1608 saw the date of the formation of the Blackheath Club, which is said to be the oldest south of the border.

Perhaps the palm for possessing the longest of "lang pedigrees" in games ought to be given to football. This game was played, in one form or another, in the ancient days of the Beltane festivals in Scotland, and there was football in the time of the Romans.

The game of bowls is generally associated with Plymouth Hoe and the coming of the Spanish Armada, but, of course, it is much older than that, and is believed to date from about the time immediately following the invasion of England by William the Conqueror. At any rate, there has been handed an edict prohibiting bowls on account of its interference with the practice of archery.

Cricket, too, is believed to be about eight hundred years old. In its original form, however, cricket would seem to have resembled the American game of baseball, or the children's game of "rounders," having been played without any stumps.

Tennis celebrated its jubilee last year, but the game is not quite so young as this would seem to indicate. The form of tennis played nowadays came into vogue only half a century ago, but in other forms it has been played for many centuries, and, indeed, is really one of the oldest of our ball games.

Croquet and lacrosse have not, perhaps, the vogue they once enjoyed, but they still have their devotees. The former originally bore the name of pall-mall, and was a popular pastime centuries ago. Lacrosse, again, was played by the Indian natives of America before Columbus discovered the great continent of the West, receiving its present name from one of the early French missionaries to America, who wrote the first description of the game.

Polo is scarcely to be called a popular game, in the ordinary sense of popularity, but it may not be amiss to include it in this reference. Polo certainly has an interesting history, for it had a great popularity in the time of the ancient Greeks, and was also played in Persia, India, and other Eastern lands centuries ago.

Born In the Clouds.

While the cruiser Dame was open for inspection at Auckland a few days ago, a baby was born. In commemoration of her birthplace the baby is being called Dame, and as a memento the ship's officers presented the new-comer with a beautifully-bound edition of the "Legend of Dame," together with a gold brooch bearing a reproduction of the ship's coat of arms.

A year or so ago a baby was born in a London Tube train. A reminder of this event is incorporated in the baby's Christian names—Thelma Ursula Beatrice Eleanor, the initials of which make "Tube."

"Her babies are born at sea, but it is doubtful if any entered such a troublous world as a German baby girl born in mid-Atlantic during a most terrible storm. Steerage babies often provide an event for passengers to talk about. A subscription list is always opened, with the result that the baby receives a substantial start-off in life.

The record in strange birthday surroundings is surely held by the baby boy who was born 6,400 feet up in the air. His mother was travelling by airplane from Budapest to Naples when the event took place.

Debtor Must Carry Lantern.

One of the many quaint customs common among the Chinese is thus explained by Nora Wain in a recent magazine article:

It was in the village of The Workers in the Noonday Sun, where I spent two months in the household of the Wong family, that I first saw a man go about in broad daylight with a lighted lantern.

"Is he, the fish dealer, crazy?" I asked a friend.

"Oh, that is only the custom," was the reply. "It means that he has not been able to pay his debts, and must carry a lighted lantern everywhere until he has done so. Chinese New Year began yesterday, but for him the new year has not begun—indeed it is still midnight of the old year. He may exchange no New Year greetings until he has settled up his old accounts, and his friends cannot greet him."

Beaten.

At the club a member said that a person could not enjoy or even distinguish between drinks in the dark. Another member, a Scotsman, offered to bet that, blindfolded, he could name any drink given him. The bet was accepted.

The member was blindfolded, and the test began. He sampled drink after drink, and named every one correctly until he was handed a glass of water.

Sip—smack—sip—a shake of the head. "I canna just mind the name o' this," said the blindolded one, "but I mind tastin' it when I was a wee laddie!"

Twenty-Seven Thousand Gallons.

Twenty-seven thousand gallons of water are contained in one inch of rain over one acre of land.

THE STAR, "To-Morrow's Car To-Day"

Ample Seat and Leg Room

AMPLE POWER, over the hill leisurely, without bother of shifting gears,—BEST of MATERIAL, and PERFECTED DESIGN, they stand up.—FULL BALOON TIRES, with GABRIEL SNUBBERS, make for easy riding, and SAVE YOUR FRONT SPRINGS.

See me before buying a new car, or trading in your old car.

Good used Cars at Attractive Prices.

JAMES ED. CLARK

STAR & DURANT Dealer

At CARD'S GARAGE. 18tf NAPANEE.

Feed Grinding

On Saturday, Oct. 11th

we opened the well-known

WATER POWER MILLS AT MILLHAVEN

for Custom Grinding.

M. R. MIDMER.

Enemies of Divers.

Whip-Ray Gives Under-Sea Men Most Trouble.

Dealing with diving, in almost every story the diver is attacked by either a shark or an octopus.

Now, an octopus is a nasty beast, but one large enough to trouble a diver is seldom seen in the comparatively shallow waters which are all that a diver can work in.

As for the shark, at his best or worst he is a cowardly beast, and the diver has only to turn on a jet of air from his helmet to scare him out of the neighborhood.

Far worse than either devil-fish or shark is the hideous whip-ray, sometimes called the whip-ray. It grows to a very large size, and is similar in shape to a place, but considerably larger.

The writer has seen one the size of an ordinary dining-room table. The creature is provided with a long, whip-like tail, armed with a toothed barb. This barb, which is not at the end of the tail but some way down it, is as highly poisoned as a snake's fang.

The ray, unlike most fish, knows its own powers and is very aggressive. It is found in all farm seas. Recently, a well-known French diver, named Cappadona, was attacked by one of these villainous fish while engaged in repairing a submarine cable off Toulon.

The brute attacked without provocation, and dashing at him, struck him with its dangerous whip. The diver drew a dagger and managed to drive the blade through the ray's head, between the eyes. Even so, the great fish struck and struck again, its barb cutting deep into the rubber of the diving suit.

Cappadona was hauled up in an utterly exhausted condition, with his diving suit leaking badly.

In Eastern waters hundreds of divers are employed to search for pearls, or rather for pearl shell. The pearl-shell oyster is as big as a dinner plate and a man cannot bring many up at a time. In this work his chief danger arises from a wicked little brute called the stone fish.

This fish is only a few inches long, but it has a most extremely poisonous. It makes its home under the pearl shell, and it is when picking up a shell that the diver is attacked, his bare hand being bitten.

If this happens, the diver remains under water as long as possible, for the pressure causes bleeding at the bitten part, and this, to same extent, expels the poison.

Strange Bequest.

A strange bequest was made by a retired soap manufacturer recently. He left the sum of a little more than eleven hundred dollars, to found a home for "homeless cats and dogs," but stipulated that the money is not to be touched until the year 2103, by which time donor estimates it will have increased to two hundred million dollars.

Curious Wooden Clock.

Seattle, Wash., boasts a curious wooden clock, three and a half feet in diameter, with a minute hand over four feet long. The case is not guaranteed, but it is supposed to be over 225 years old and is expected to last for some years to come. The works are placed in a section of a huge fir log, one end of which is ornamented with the face numerals.

Terms of Governors.

There is no approach to uniformity in the terms of the governors of different states of the Union. The governors of two states serve four years, of one state for two years, of twenty-one states for two years; the governor of New Jersey for three years, and those of twenty-four states for four years.

Brick

Special Prices to clear out the yard.

W. H. J. HAINES

TAMWORTH, - ONTARIO

24-tf

Get No. 1 Government Standard Seed Corn Here

And be assured of a good crop.

Longfellow, and White Flint, Improved Leeming, Wisconsin No. 7, Pride of Nishua, Golden Glow, White Cap, Yellow Dent, and all best varieties.

Also Buckwheat, Vetches, and Rape.

Also Frost Fences and Gates.

A newly decorated convenient house on Robert street to rent.

Fred A. Perry,

NAPANEE

Opposite Campbell House

"Loved and Lost"

By

BERTHA M. CLAY

Author of "A Sinful Secret," "A Golden Heart," "Lover and Husband," "A Gypsy's Daughter," Etc.

"You are perfectly right, and I have reason to be thankful that it is so," retorted Lady Gwendolyn, as she finished her coffee and rose to her feet. "Anyhow, you know the truth now, Pauline; and let me tell you this much before I go: I will bide your faults and follies this once, at any sacrifice, for my brother's sake; but the next time such a thing happens you must take your chance. It is enough that I have lost the respect of a man whose good opinion is worth having, for you. I will not aid you further. If you have not profited by the terrible lesson you have received, the sooner you and Reggie separate the better for him; and I shall do nothing to hinder it."

"Well, dissolve, dissolve, little child!" exclaimed her ladyship cheerfully. "You don't suppose I shall get into another scrape in a hurry, do you?"

"I don't know. You have such terrible vanity, Pauline—"

"Did you ever know a woman yet who had not? I really like Reggie immensely, but he has entirely got out of the way of paying compliments, and making himself agreeable; and, really, it is quite necessary to go into the world to hear that one is pretty. Before I have been shut up three days with my husband at Teignmouth I feel like an unmitigated fright."

"Would you have him always flattering you?"

"Well, no, not exactly, because I should want a little sleep. Still, it is the sort of thing one cannot easily have too much of."

Lady Gwendolyn looked at her with ill-concealed contempt; and, feeling that she must lose her temper and say more than she ought to say if she remained any longer, she wished her a curt good morning, and left the room.

She went down-stairs as softly as she could, being anxious, above all things, to escape the attention of Lady Lenox and her guests; but, as luck would have it, just as she reached the bottom of the stairs, the door of the breakfast-room opened, and she found herself face to face with the gay Irish widow, Mrs. O'Hara.

CHAPTER VIII.

Pauline's Triumph.

Mrs. O'Hara was about the last person Lady Gwendolyn would have cared to meet; moreover, she knew her to be a frivolous, pleasure-seeking woman, whose influence would be very bad for Lady Teignmouth.

Hitherto Pauline had professed to dislike the Irish widow, but finding themselves together in a country house, they were sure to agree in two things, either quarrel desperately, or strike up a violent friendship. And Gwendolyn, who, had her brother's honor and happiness much at heart, knew that this latter would be fatal, indeed.

She stopped back and bowed coldly, but Mrs. O'Hara was not to be repressed. She held out her hand with great cordiality.

"I am so delighted to meet you again, dear Lady Gwendolyn. I hear you were quite the belle of last night's ball. I meant to be here myself, but provokingly missed the train at Carlisle, and had to wait there six hours, so that I am just a day after the fair. I hear that Lady Teignmouth is staying here," she added, without giving herself time to take breath, "and I am so delighted! George Belmont always praised her so much, I am quite anxious to improve our acquaintance."

Lady Gwendolyn shivered convulsively.

"Mr. Belmont is a friend of yours, then?" she asked faintly.

"He is only my brother, but we are excellent friends, which is rather rare among near relatives. He has just come into a nice little property in Ireland, and I hope to live with my wife and settle down. I don't mind telling you, he has knocked about the world a good deal in his time, and the money was very acceptable; and, what do you think?" she went on impulsively; "directly he heard of his uncle's death, he proposed to settle a little matter that he knew was bothering me a good deal."

Lady Gwendolyn had not much sympathy, as a rule, with people who confided in the first corner; still, she could not help feeling for Mrs. O'Hara at this moment, and sympathising with the tears of grateful feeling in her big black eyes.

Mr. Belmont might not be a very estimable man, but he had been kind to his sister, evidently; and she must needs grieve for him indeed when she learned the manner of his death, which would be worse to bear than the death itself.

She had half a mind to give her a hint that would prepare her for what was coming, and was trying to pick out words that would be a warning and not a revelation, when Mrs. O'Hara caught sight of the masculine figure at the end of the hall, and darted off precipitately. Her bold laugh followed Lady Gwendolyn into the study, and sharpened her mood. Somehow, she thought now that Mrs. O'Hara would get over her trouble very easily, and only hoped it would take her away from Bridgton Hall before she had had time to do any mischief.

She felt so weary and sick at heart she could have sat down in the hedge and let all the winds of heaven beat upon her, if she could only feel sure that they would bear this miserable life out of her, and give her rest.

"For the world is such a cruel, unsatisfactory place," she said to herself, in the impatience of a first grief. "To live is to suffer, and, therefore, it were better to die."

No doubt if she had felt the chill hand grasping her, she would have urged a very different prayer; but Gwendolyn had never known sorrow before, and the pressure of the wound irritated her. She would have given up all the promise of the future to be rid of her present pain.

Meanwhile, Lady Teignmouth rang for her maid.

"Do you know where the post office at Bridgton is?" she asked.

A Sweet Breath at all times!
THE FLAVOR LASTS
After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and prevents odors. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet.
WRIGLEY'S
- after every meal!

Clementine could not say that she did.

"Anyhow, it will be easy enough to find out," continued her mistress. "Put on your bonnet as quickly as possible, Clementine, and take this telegram there. You can write English well now, but must be careful that your letters are clear and distinct."

"And am I to wait for an answer," inquired the French woman naïvely.

"Certainly not. But read the message over to me, that I may be sure you understand it."

Clementine began in a singing voice:

"You are wanted here on urgent business. Come directly you receive my telegram."

"That will do. Mind your spelling," was her ladyship's comment. "Now you can go."

Lord Teignmouth was breakfasting at his club in lumbering bachelor ease when his wife's message reached him, and he uttered an exclamation of annoyance and surprise.

"How confoundedly unfortunate! And I dare say it is only some fad of Pauline's, after all. She likes to have men running after her. I think I'll telegraph back that I am particularly engaged, and can't leave town."

Then he suddenly recollected that with all Lady Teignmouth's caprices, she had never sent for him in this way before, and he at once decided to go. He telegraphed back to this effect, then finished his breakfast as quickly as he could, and in less than an hour was on his way to Bridgton.

Pauline had calculated about the time he would reach the station, and gone there to meet him, like a dutiful and affectionate wife.

"Dear Reggie, how very kind of you!" she exclaimed, her face in a glitter of smiles. "I never expected you at all."

"Then you did not come to meet me, Pauline?"

"Of course I did, you foolish fellow! The mere chance that you would come was enough to rouse my wifely zeal. Do you know why I wanted you?" she added, as she took his arm, and led him out of the station into the quiet lanes.

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"No? Then I will tell you. I want you to take me away from Bridgton immediately."

"But, my dear Pauline, you came here without me, and could, therefore, leave here without me, surely."

"You don't evidently know Lady Lenox. She has made up her party, and won't hear of any one deserting, as she calls it. I talked till I was tired, and then it suddenly struck me to telegraph for you, and make believe you had come on purpose to fetch me."

"But how is it you are tired of Bridgton already?"

"I don't like to tell you, Reggie. You know how I hate to give anybody pain."

"Pshaw!" he said, coloring a little. "Make a clean breast of it while you are about it. Have you and Lady Lenox quarrelled?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you have had disagreeables with one of the visitors."

"No; everybody had been charming, and treated me so much kindness and sympathy in my trouble."

"What trouble? I do wish you would not try to mystify me, Pauline. You know I was never good at riddles. I suppose your pug is dead, or you have found your first gray hair—"

"Oh, Reggie! don't talk like that; you make me feel dreadfully," she interrupted. "I may have seemed frivolous when all things were well, but I assure you I can suffer with you, and for you now."

He dropped her arm, and turned, and stared at her.

"What do you mean?"

"Would you rather I told you the truth, Reggie?"

"That is what I have been begging you to do for the last half-hour," he answered impatiently. "But you seem to enjoy piling up the agony. I suppose the long and short of it is that Gwen is dangerously ill."

"She was perfectly well three or four hours ago, Reggie. No; it is not sort of trouble. Reggie, Gwen has disgraced us cruelly."

Lord Teignmouth started violently, and his face grew white to the lips.

"I will not believe it," he said. "You never liked her, Pauline, and are exaggerating a small imprudence into a crime. I am sure she would be able to clear herself at once, if she knew of what she was accused."

"Then give her the chance," answered his wife coldly.

And she told him the miserable story of Mr. Belmont's death, unfalteringly asseverating that the unfortunate man had come to Turoy on Lady Gwendolyn's account.

"They had a meeting in the wood the very night of his death, as some of the people hereabout can testify; and, of course, his sudden and mysterious fate has caused a great sensation. No one could suspect Gwendolyn of anything but an imprudence, as you say; but it's the sort of imprudence that ruins a woman's reputation, I am afraid. My own opinion is that Colonel Dacre followed Mr. Belmont to Turoy, and, finding him to be a successful rival, determined to get him out of the way. But this is pure conjecture, and nothing of the sort came out at the inquest."

"Then there has been an inquest?" inquired Lord Teignmouth, who felt as if the ground were giving way beneath his feet.

"Oh, yes! and Gwendolyn gave her evidence with great dignity and propriety—she was sure to do that, you know. The inquest took place at four o'clock, having been delayed by the post-mortem examination, and it was proved that the unfortunate man died of poison, but by what means or hatterd there was no evidence to show, and they gave an open verdict."

Lord Teignmouth put his hand confusedly to his head. He was a man of sensitive honor, and the thought that his high-bred, beautiful sister had become mixed up in a painful story, that would soon be telegraphed from one end of England to the other, made him nervous. Above all, the world would be always been looked upon as an adventurer, and careful people hardly cared to have him at their houses. Pauline herself had never acknowledged the relationship between them until her brother had come into a fortune, when he would have been useful, no doubt.

He turned to his wife, and spoke with sudden decision:

"You did quite right to send for me. I would not have you remain in this neighborhood another day on any account. I will go and see Gwendolyn, and tell her that my house is shut to her for the future, and she must make what home she where. The only thing would be for her to marry, if she could find any idiot to take her. Anyhow, I am not going to have her name mixed up with yours. Thank Heaven she is my sister, and not my wife!"

"Thank Heaven, indeed!" she murmured, resting her dimpled chin on his shoulder, with a movement full of the most seductive grace. "But you forget, Reggie, with all your faults, Reggie, I am not capable of that?"

"I begin to suspect all women," he said gloomily. "Gwen and I were never very much cut out for each other days gone by, and I thought her so innocent and upright. If any one had dared to tell me she was marrying on a secret intrigue, I would have knocked him down if he had been a man, so sure should I have felt that he had lied unscrupulously. But I suppose there is no doubting the fact now."

Lady Teignmouth shook her head.

"Lady Gwendolyn denied it, of course; she was almost insulted in trying to save her reputation by a falsehood, it seems to me."

"There should have been no need for the falsehood," responded Lord Teignmouth sternly.

"Yes, but if we all did exactly what was right, dear, what a delightful world this would be," said the countess, with the sweetest indulgence. "I always feel myself that having so many failings of my own, I have to make allowances for others. Gwen is but young yet, and was lead away. I have heard Mr. Belmont as a man of extraordinary fascination."

"What, then? Gwendolyn was not a raw schoolgirl, to be subjugated by the first handsome mustache she saw."

"Oh, no; but, no doubt, poor darling, she became attached to Mr. Belmont, because he was a friend for the last year that she had something on her mind, and I have tried to persuade her to confide in me, but she always repelled me. I wish she had, now, for, as a sensible girl, she would have given up Mr. Belmont at once if she had known how thoroughly worthless he was."

"I don't see any sign of her sense in this miserable business," replied Lord Teignmouth, who looked harassed and much perplexed. "But we had better get on, Pauline; there are your things to pack, and I know of old what a long process that is."

"Everything is packed," replied his wife. "I am sure you would take me away, and so I made my preparations accordingly. And, do you know, if we miss the eight o'clock train it will be impossible for us to get away to-night?"

"Then we will stay at an inn, Pauline. I am determined that you shall not be exposed to any unpleasant remarks at Lady Lenox's. Moreover, I want to get to the other side of the Channel as quickly as possible, and hide my diminished head."

"Look here, Reggie, dear," she said, as if the idea had only just occurred to her; "supposing you write to Gwendolyn."

"I would rather tell her my mind."

"Nonsense, dear," she answered smilingly; "it would be so much better to do as I say. You are both quick-tempered, and will make a scene between you, and, surely, there will be nothing gained by that. Come, Reggie, do listen to reason. It would be best, I am sure, to excuse Gwendolyn to her face, and yet, of course, she must know the truth. Write her a decided letter, and as you will be leaving Bridgton at once you will not be able to answer it, and then you will be spared all annoyance."

"I would rather see her," persisted Lord Teignmouth.

"What could you say to her if you did? She is perfectly independent, and has a right to meet twenty men in Turoy wood, if she likes."

"And kill them afterward, I suppose?"

"Oh! do hush, Reggie; it is dreadfully imprudent to talk in this way out of doors, where you might be overheard."

"What does that matter? Do you suppose we shall be able to hide our troubles from the world?"

"Impossible, of course; but it is no use precipitating matters. We shall have a few hours' start of scandal if we keep quiet, and I do want to be the other side of the Channel when the morning papers begin to circulate."

"It will be of no use, Pauline," he answered, more gently than he had yet spoken to her. "Wherever we go we shall be followed and dogged us, and we shall be sure to meet people or people who will think it kind to condole with us. I am afraid I shall be have like a bear if they do."

"Then let us return to Teignmouth, dear."

"It would be still worse there. We should have to receive our neighbors as usual if they called, and they all know Gwendolyn so well."

"Only that friends would naturally have a right to call."

"Then you were not frightened by the animal?"

"I did not particularly like the look of him, but I should have passed him valiantly enough if I had not seen you coming."

"Well?"

"You carried me into your house, and laid me on a couch, while you went for assistance. I had almost a mind to laugh in your face when you bent over me so anxiously at parting, and made me promise to ring for your footman, however, supposing the pain should increase."

"You played your part splendidly, I must own."

"Of course! for I had a good deal at stake. It was necessary for my peace of mind to discover the skeleton in your cupboard."

"And you succeeded?" he inquired, with suppressed eagerness; his lips whitening as the words passed through them.

"Yes, I did. With all my faults, I would never have searched your place, of that you may be sure; but there was no need, the revelation I sought was thrust upon me."

"Ah!"

And though there was the gloom of an abiding sorrow in his eyes, there was no shame nor shrinking—excepting so far as we all shrink when a deep wound is probed.

"I suppose it was the intervention of Providence," Lady Gwendolyn went on. "If you had asked me to marry you at home before I should have accepted you without hesitation, whereas, it was not even right for me to be friendly."

"You forget that you have explained nothing yet," he said hoarsely. "And yet, this suspense is very cruel."

"I do not mean to be cruel," she said. "I can assure you I have suffered too much myself to take pleasure in another person's pain; but I am reluctant to recall that most miserable half-hour I passed at Borton Hall. I entered it so full of hope; I left it feeling as if I had nothing to look forward to in the world, since you, whom I had trusted and loved, were lost to me."

"Or, rather, you fancied so."

"It was no fancy, unfortunately. I saw and spoke to your wife."

"Saw and spoke to my wife?" he repeated. "My dear Gwendolyn, you are certainly dreaming. I have no wife."

She told me that her husband refused to acknowledge her, and that, having no one to befriend her, she could not assert her rights," continued Lady Gwendolyn, without heeding his denial. "And, poor thing! she quite wrung my heart, she looked so dejected and hopeless."

"But not through any fault of mine."

"Why do you try to deceive me, Colonel Dacre? When a man has committed such a wrong as you have done, the only atonement he can make is a full confession. Treat me frankly now, and I will forgive you everything."

"Forgive everything! What do you mean, Gwendolyn? I want your love, not your forgiveness. I do not deserve the former, I am aware; but I have not really done wrong to make it necessary for me to claim the latter."

"Perhaps you look upon bigamy as a very small offense."

"But I have never committed bigamy, Gwendolyn. Indeed, until I saw you I never wanted even to commit matrimony."

"Then who was it I saw in your house?"

"I have a crazy protegee in the village, whom I allow to wander about the park, as she is perfectly harmless. She has very strange delusions, and may have taken into her head that she is married to me, and I am trying to keep her out of her rights. Who knows? Perhaps the hallucinations of a disordered brain?"

"The person I saw was a lady," said Lady Gwendolyn. "That is a point upon which it was impossible for me to be deceived, of course. She was unusually delicate and refined looking, and her accent was perfect. Your protegee in the village could never have managed to play the lady so well."

"I don't know about that. Mad people are very cunning and imitative."

"Still, they cannot perform impossibilities. Let her imitation have been ever so good, she must have betrayed herself in some way."

"If you had observed her, you would have perceived certain deficiencies that passed unnoticed under the circumstances."

"Impossible. I know nothing whatever about her, and was ready to believe anything. The impression she made on me was, as I said before, of an extremely refined, lady-like person, and I have no doubt in my own mind that she was a gentlewoman, and your wife."

"She may have been a gentlewoman, but she was certainly not my wife," replied the colonel.

"Will you swear that?"

"I will swear by mother's memory —which I love and revere—that I never had a wife."

"Will you swear also that you do not know the lady I have been describing?"

"No, for I did not see her."

"But you know whom I mean?" persisted Lady Gwendolyn.

"I know nothing," was the evasive reply. "I was not present at your interview, and had no reason to suppose there was any one in the house who would dare to make such a charge against me. As I said before, I do not pretend to be a saint, but I have never wronged or deceived a living woman."

"I wish I could believe you," she said, almost convinced in spite of herself, there was something so trustworthy about him. "I want a friend and protector badly enough, for my brother has deserted me."

"What, Teignmouth!" exclaimed her companion incredulously.

"Yes; he thinks I have disgraced him, and the name I bear, and does not care for me to be associated any longer with his innocent, pure-minded wife, lest I should contaminate her."

Lady Gwendolyn would have been less than a woman if she had not allowed her sneer to be perceptible—for she owed all her misery and humiliation to Pauline; and to know that she had managed to exalt herself in Lord Teignmouth's eyes at the expense of his sister, did not give a very Christianlike feeling toward the clever countess, assuredly. But, having relieved herself by this little piece of spite, Gwendolyn melted into tears again, and was so agitated she did not notice the arm that was stealing round her waist so gently.

Nor did she resist when presently grown bold by impunity, Colonel Dacre drew her head down on his breast and murmured:

"If you must weep, darling, you shall weep here. I hold you fast now, and will not be denied. Cannot you trust me a little?"

She shook her head drearily.

"I am afraid I could not. I should always feel as if there were some mystery between us—and that would spoil all my happiness. Besides, you do not respect me, Lawrence; you told me so frankly two years ago. What kind of marriage could ours be, distrusting each other mutually, as we should do?"

"I should never mistrust my wife."

"Not during the honeymoon, perhaps; but afterward, when you could read me more clearly, would you not remember the past, and be inclined to throw it in my teeth?"

"You do not give me credit for much generosity, Gwendolyn."

"I think you are a man," she said.

"And all men are scoundrels, I suppose?"

"No; but they are sensitive on certain points. You may not be a Caesar, but I fancy you would not care to have your wife suspected, for all that?"

(To be continued.)

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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A recent canvass of women users of the Vegetable Compound shows that 98 out of every 100 women taking the medicine are benefited by it. They write and tell us so. Such evidence entitles us to call it a dependable medicine for women. It is for sale by druggists everywhere.

be more considerate than mere acquaintances."

"Then you would rather go abroad, Pauline," he said, looking at her with some surprise.

"Infinitely, Reggie; but I wished to do what would comfort you most. Only that I want you, as a special favor, to promise that you will make no effort to see Gwendolyn."

"Why?"

"Because you are both proud and passionate, and may speak words in the heat of argument that will make it impossible you should ever be friends again; and I do not see why you should not forgive Gwendolyn later, supposing she made a decent marriage, and showed by her conduct that she really regretted the past."

"I shall forget, Pauline, that some people will always believe that she killed Belmont to hide her indiscretion."

"Oh! no, dear, you torture yourself unnecessarily. I am sure nobody will ever believe that; it is so obviously the deed of a rival."

"And Lawrence Dacre is here, you say?"

"Yes; he arrived the same night that Gwendolyn did, and put up at the village inn."

"My sister, and my friend—two out of the three people I loved best in the world," he murmured. "And my wife may be as false as they, for all I know! It is enough to make me wish I had never been born!"

Pauline caught the muttered words, and pressed closer against his arm, her face uplifted to his.

"You must not suspect me, Reggie; I will not have it! I have been careless wife, I am afraid, because—because," very softly, "I thought you cared for me, and could never have cared for me, and that discouraged me; but she cannot come between us now, unless you choose to make us unhappy! Will you try and forget all these miseries, for my sake?"

All men are weak when they get into the hands of a clever, unscrupulous woman; and Reginald St. Maur was so loyal, that his wife must needs have a very tender hold upon his affections, if only because she was his wife, and he had wooed and won her in his youth. It is true that a cold-ness had grown up between them of late years; but he had always been ready to welcome her back into his heart, and now that Gwendolyn had failed him so cruelly, Pauline was his one hope.

He drew her to him, and kissed her thrice on the lips.

"Try and make me forget," he said, "and I will bless you all my life."

"Will you leave everything to me?" she asked, as she rested her still beautiful face on his shoulder and smiled up into her eyes.

"Gladly—thankfully, my love."

"Very well, then, come into my room and write to Gwendolyn, while I bid Lady Lenox adieu, and make the last arrangements for our journey. I only want to say one word to my dearest; and, indeed—indeed, it is best."

He followed her passively into the house, and upstairs. Gently coercing her into a chair, she brought writing materials, placed a pen between his fingers, and then, stooping forward, whispered between two kisses:

"Do your duty, but do it gently; for whatever her blame may be, you are the children of one mother, and were all in all to each other once."

"Thank you for the reminder," he answered gravely; and then she rustled away, and left him to his painful task.

When she returned, half an hour later, the letter lay on the desk ready to go, and, as if she feared he might draw back even yet, she caught it up and rang at once for the footman.

"Put that carefully in the letter-bag," she said, when the woman answered the summons; "and then come and put on my cloak, that I may defend myself; it is not fair to insinuate things of such moment to me without making it possible for me to explain."

"Very well," she said; "you shall hear my story from the beginning. You remember the day that I was fortunate enough to meet you?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, I did not sprain my ankle," as I guessed as much," he answered coolly.

"But I was anxious to find or make some excuse for getting into Borton Hall."

"May I ask why?"

"We are coming to-that. The evening before we were speaking, if you remember, of most people having a skeleton or two in their cupboard, and you suddenly turned very grave. When I laughed, and said that you looked as if you had a dozen, at least, in yours, you answered, with deep meaning, that one might be as much as anybody could bear. You were very silent for the rest of the evening, and I was puzzled, stimulated, pained, all together."

"What, then?" he urged, as she came to an abrupt pause.

"I took care to sprain my ankle in and again calling out that she could not hear it; and she was glad when old Hannah came into prepare her bath. She was so perfectly unsuspecting that when she found a letter on her breakfast-table later, and recognised Lord Teignmouth's handwriting, she opened it eagerly, feeling as if it were a bright spot in her gloom.

But as she read, the color faded out of her face, and a startled, anguished look came into her eyes.

"Even he forsakes me," she murmured, in a stifled voice; and, sinking down beside the couch, she buried her face in her hands and wept violently. Gradually, in this case, the very strength of her emotion exhausted her, and she lay still, wondering in her infinite desolation what she had ever done that fate should be so hard upon her.

The answer came at last:

"You set up an idol and worshipped it; you fell under the temptation of a worse chance has overtaken you. Pray, unhappy woman; it is your only hope. The whole world has forsaken you, even your own kin; and, above all, the woman you served yesterday by your silence, and whose blame you have taken upon yourself, to save your brother's sake. You have no kindred or friends; you stand alone; and, therefore, need to humble yourself, your head well raised; but how will you bear this terrible solitude for all your pride?"

There was no answer to this question—there could be none in the stormvoices that went moaning round the house. A sudden peal of thunder shook the roof; the rain came splashing down, down, and Gwendolyn, coward! hid her face again, and stopped her ears.

Any sound, therefore, either see or hear any one approach, until a warm, strong hand touched hers dimdently; and she lifted her head to let these words thrill through and through her:

"My darling! love has become my master, and I am your slave without you, as I told you before, so I have come to claim you for my very own!"

CHAPTER IX.

All For Love.

Lady Gwendolyn was too much overcome at this sudden apparition. She could not speak for a moment; and, taking her silence for encouragement, Lawrence Dacre knelt down beside her, and lifted the hand he still held to his lips.

She said no with resistance," he said; his eyes full of gloomy passion. "Whether you take me, or leave me, Gwendolyn, I belong to you—and you alone. For two years, my darling, I have done nothing but fight and struggle, until all the flesh has worn off my bones," he added, with a grim laugh, "and I'll make an end of it somehow. Do you hear me, child?"

"Yes, yes; go on," she answered, scarcely knowing what she said.

"What more can I tell you? Is should scare you, perhaps, if I let you see all the wild, burning passion my heart has, for your love compared to mine is

"As moonlight unto sunlight, And as water unto wine."

But I will teach you better when you belong to me. I could not be satisfied with less. I must not suspect you, that most women are ready to bestow on any man who has proper notions with regard to settlements. I must have your whole heart and your wife's heart to the jealous, exclusive passion in my own, otherwise there would be no use in living, that I can see. I have cared for you, and you alone, and am ready to relinquish all its so-called pleasures if you bid me; but, then, I must have return my soul craves—something more precious to me than a crown and kingdom—your undivided love."

The passionate voice made such pleasant music at her ear, that Lady Gwendolyn had made no effort to rouse herself so far; but when he ceased to speak, the latter's haggard, frightened face, and said, with somber resignation:

"There is the use of picturising impossibilities? You know I could not marry you if I would."

"Why not?"

"You forget that I know your secret."

"Now, you must explain what you mean by my secret, Gwendolyn," he said, with a frown. "I am not given to the couch, and sat down beside her. "Twice you have thrown it in my teeth, and though I have tried to find out what you mean, I have been unable to do so. On my honor as a gentleman, I know nothing that need prevent our marriage."

His arm was stealing round her waist, but she pushed it away, and faced him with a regal air.

"Listen to me, Colonel Dacre!" she said impressively. "I am not a child. I was only twenty the other day, but I have seen a good deal of the world, and am not easily deceived. From the first moment that you and I met, I knew that you had something on your mind."

"Few men reach my age without finding that they have a good deal to remember and forget. In my hot youth I committed plenty of follies, I dare say; but I can safely swear that I never really loved a woman until I saw you."

"And never deceived one, Colonel Dacre?"

"Never—as I hope for heaven!"

"Oh, hush!—hush!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing, "You are deceiving me now."

"Upon my word, Gwendolyn, I have not even prevaricated. Let me know what you mean, and what I may defend myself; it is not fair to insinuate things of such moment to me without making it possible for me to explain."

"Very well," she said; "you shall hear my story from the beginning. You remember the day that I was fortunate enough to meet you?"

"Certainly I do."

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"What, then?" he urged, as she came to an abrupt pause.

"I took care to sprain my ankle in

They smooth the road and carry the load "from the first day on"

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BREEDING DAIRY COWS

MUCH DEPENDS UPON THE USE OF QUALITY BULLS.

(Characteristics of a Good Bull—High Testing Cows at a Premium—Care In Breeding Heifers—Apply Business Principles.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.

The immediate possibility of lowering the cost of production of milk or increasing the flow of milk is dependent upon the care, management and feeding of our cows. It is possible within a single herd to do selecting and by purchasing replace our poorer cows with better cows; but, taking the Province as a whole, we must be content to get along as best we can with the cows on hands. The cows we have cannot be changed, but perhaps they can produce more if given more feed and better care. This limits the scope for immediate improvement. For any great improvement we must look to the future and since we must get along as best we can with the cows available, the great hope is centered in the sires we use.

Characteristics of a Good Bull.

To use a pure-bred bull simply because he is pure bred is not enough. He must either be a proven producer of good dairy cattle or else have the maximum possibilities of becoming a producer of good cattle. Such a bull should command a reasonably good price and we should be prepared to pay well for such a bull. This does not mean, of course, that we should not buy as closely as possible. A good bull should be masculine, that is, must have the characteristics of a good bull and should be strong in those points where the females are weak. For example, some dairy cows with droopy rumps have been good producers. In such an instance the bull in which they are mated should not only have a good rump himself, but come from a family of good rumped cattle. Similarly cows that are low sized should be mated to a bull that comes from a high testing strain. It is well in selecting a sire to see that the family tree behind the bull is uniformly good, rather than to select a sire out of an outstanding individual with no regard for either the near or remote ancestors. Then again, the bull must be typical of the breed to which he belongs. In breeding any class of pure-bred stock type is of primary importance.

High Testing Cows at a Premium.

Since payment for milk is being made largely on a butter fat basis, there has come to be a great demand for high testing cows. Some people are trying to increase the butter-fat yield of the herd by crossing Ayrshire or Jersey bulls on Holstein cows. This practice should in most cases be discouraged, as the results when carried past the first generation are usually unsatisfactory. We cannot expect by crossing two breeds of cattle to obtain in the offspring all the virtues of each breed and none of the weaknesses. The opposite is just as likely to be true, otherwise we might expect that by crossing a heavy Draft mare with a Standard bred stallion to obtain the weight of the Draft horse and the speed of the Standard bred in the offspring. Experience has proven this is not the case.

Care In Breeding Heifers.

Heifers should attain good size and be properly developed before being bred. In many cases heifers are bred at such an early age that they turn out to be undersized cows. The only argument advanced in favor of this early breeding is that perhaps over a period of five years an extra calf may be obtained, but it must be remembered that cows which are not properly developed cannot be bred. In other words, the cow should be considered as a big factory. She should have size and capacity to turn large quantities of roughage into milk. She should, like all well managed factories, be given a resting period for repair. Even iron and steel will not last forever, and must have certain definite periods when they are overhauled and put in good running order. This is equally true with a dairy cow. She should have a resting period before freshening and during this time she should be liberally fed in order to repair the worn-out parts of her body and build up a reserve strength to be used in maximum production during the lactation period. The liberal feeding of a cow during her period of rest previous to freshening will pay and pay well.

Apply Business Principles.

Dairying as well as all other lines of business requires the application of business principles. How often have you heard milk and cream shippers doubting the accuracy of the test which is being given them. This doubt or suspicion should not be. Producers should learn to do this testing themselves. A Babcock testing machine is not so expensive as to prohibit its use. The method of testing is fairly simple. The results obtained more than justify the expenditure. It gives every dairyman a reliable check on his cows. This coupled with the weighing of the milk will eliminate much of the suspicion of unscrupulous creamery men and should be a guide for the building up of a good herd of dairy cattle.—L. E. O'Neill, Live Stock Branch, Toronto.

At the last annual meeting of the fifty County Representatives of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, following a discussing voice or an opposing vote, a resolution was passed favoring the use of "Ontario grown seed of all crops."

LOOKING AFTER THE INNER M.P.

Tasty Meals for Members of Britain's Parliament.

When a new member of Parliament has taken his seat he is usually confidcted round the House by a friend, who shows him in particular where he may eat and smoke.

This is almost as important as talking and voting. It is the only recreation M.P.'s have in the House, cards, billiards, and so forth being forbidden.

Before the first refreshment department was set up in the British House of Commons by the first of the three famous Bellamys, members used to bring in their own food, and sometimes ate it in the Chamber itself. It has been declared that they even cracked nuts and smoked there.

How bright are the gastronomic pleasures of the present-day M.P. against this dark background of history! He can get anything from distilled water—which is free of charge—to a noble vintage champagne, or from a roll to a banquet.

Until just before the war he could even get a shilling dinner, consisting of a cut from the joint, two vegetables, and a sweet, and "come again."

He is not much worse off now because he can get it for 1s. 10d., but without "coming again." Some M.P.'s still think they should be able to get as much as they can eat for a shilling, but the refreshments department is no longer subsidized by the taxpayer.

It must pay its own way now, and in 1924 it made £400 profit on a turnover of £34,000.

The House of Commons refreshment department is conducted under the direction of what is called a Kitchen Committee, which is composed of members of all parties, who see that everything is of the best.

If it isn't, or if some member with a bizarre taste wants, say, salted pork, the chairman of the committee can be asked about it by a question in the House.

Down below, in the bowels of Parliament, are the kitchens with their huge ranges, electric whisks, plate washers, lifts, and what-not, and still further below are the cellars, nearly 100 yards of them, like a miniature catacomb, tenanted by thousands of bottles of wine, brandy, whiskey, and liqueurs. The air is heavy and fragrant with the odor of them.

It is a noble cellar. The sight of a majestic hogshead of mellow whiskey, surrounded by bottle upon bottle of splendidly ancient wine, somehow gives the impression that all is still well with the Mother of Parliaments.

While the House has a catholic taste in drinking, it likes its meals on the whole "quick and plain." If it were not for friends who like to eat in the home of the chief assembly of the Empire, and naturally like to eat appropriately, there would probably be a greater demand for the plain "cut off the joint, two vegs, sweet, and cheese," which is the popular dinner normally amongst a large section of the House.

There is the aim of the Commons kitchens to serve the equal care a piece of toast and an epicurean dinner, and to be able to serve anything if due notice is given. But the taste of the House is chiefly for joints, chops, and steaks.

When the House is sitting the larders are always well stocked; the cold storage is kept full against possible surprises.

If bacon, eggs, milk, and bread threatened to run out in consequence of great demand during an all-night sitting, the department has arrangements whereby it can obtain fresh supplies immediately at any time of the day or night.

The permanent staff of the kitchens numbers 120, some of whom are paid fully when the House is not sitting, and some at only three-quarter or half rate.

During the last real session, writes C. E. G. in the London Evening News, 146,000 meals were served. In the 1919 session—a year of meteoric prosperity and free spending—195,000 were served.

Concentrated Clews.

For persons interested in the study of finger prints can be highly recommended one of the best circulating novels in the public library

The Runaway Trunk

By JACK LAWTON

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Rhoda put up the telephone receiver and looked toward her aunt.

"Those trainmen are a lot of storytelling conspirators," she said. "Now, why did they say yesterday that my trunk was on its way here, while today they know nothing about it? I don't care so much for the loss of my clothing as I do for the fate of the eggs which grandma insisted upon packing in for you. I can manage with your borrowed things, Aunt Stacia, but how long will five dozen eggs—and at such a prohibitory price—last in a traveling trunk?

"Nearly three weeks since I came to the city and my trunk still listed among the 'congested freight.' Clovertop may be slow, Aunt Stacia, but I tell you we would not put up with such things."

Aunt Stacia turned her mild eyes upon her exasperated niece.

"My dear," she replied, "I suppose the men are doing their best, and it is not as though you were running about not as though you would need pretty dresses. My shirtwaists will do very well at home, with just you and me."

But this fact did not seem to console the girl from the village. In Aunt Stacia's best guest chamber, Rhoda flattened her pretty nose against the window pane as she stared down the brilliantly lighted street.

It was the sensations such as these that Rhoda had labored over the light blue silk, now lying crumpled beneath five dozen eggs in a trunk which had withstood a dissecting voice or an opposing vote, a resolution was passed favoring the use of "Ontario grown seed of all crops."

"No use," sighed Rhoda. "No peep into merry city life for me. As well be resigned to my fate."

Rhoda decided to "go after" her trunk the next morning.

It was after a hasty luncheon in the station that Rhoda approached the glass door of an office which looked as though its occupant might be endowed with capability.

The occupant immediately arose from his desk, awaiting in evident surprise her errand.

"You see," she naively explained, "I do not mind about my dresses now, not even the blue silk. I shall not be able to get to the theater or any of those lovely places the magazines tell about. But Aunt Stacia does want those eggs, you understand, before—"

"I understand perfectly," said the charming man, and his eyes twinkled.

After a third peremptory inquiry of some "Jerry" at the other end of the wire he turned again to Rhoda.

"Why?" he asked whimsically, "are you not going to be able to visit the lovely theaters and restaurants as you had planned?"

"Aunt Stacia doesn't care to go," Rhoda answered.

"But I should think," gently persisted the man—Rhoda liked his smile—"that there would be any number of Aunt Stacia's neighbors friends ready and eager to act the part of escort."

Rhoda sighed. "Aunt does not seem to have any masculine friends," she dolefully replied.

Suddenly the office man frowned.

"Why," he asked severely, "did your aunt, knowing you to be unacquainted with this section of the city, allow you to go searching around freight yards alone?"

"She did not allow me," corrected Rhoda. "I just came."

"Look here," the man announced presently, "I think we've located that trunk at last. But to facilitate matters I'm going to ride around and attend to it myself. Would you—" he hesitated—"like to go with me and identify your property?"

"Of course I'll go," Rhoda agreed.

"He was a nice man," she told herself, as they flew along in his car, and often Rhoda's clear eyes sought the man's, gratefully. When she returned by the circuitous route of the street cars to Aunt Stacia's home the trunk was there before her. And when, after the evening meal, she went to answer the telephone, it was with a strange exhilarating sense of coming joy.

"Miss Rhoda Brown of Cloverton?" called a deep voice. "This is Mr. Hammond of the B. N. & Y. Has your trunk safely arrived?"

"Yes, thanks to you," she told him. "It worked beautifully, the man, pausing in strange diffidence, "if you will ask Aunt Stacia if I may come out this evening, and—have a little omelet," he ended laughingly.

"Certainly," said Rhoda replied. "Why—I don't even know you."

"Very well," the man said sorrowfully. "Since this afternoon I have dared to look forward to giving you that decided peep into the theater. It would have been to me a privilege and pleasure."

When the receiver had clicked back into the hook the man sat silently, retrospective.

"And all my single life," he muttered, "I have wanted to meet just that kind of a girl." Wearily he turned again to the telephone.

"When I told Aunt Stacia your name," came Rhoda's jubilant voice, "she said at once that you might come, Mr. Hammond. I am wearing my blue silk dress," added the girl, and the man joyously reached for his hat and coat.

First American Newspaper.

The first American newspaper was the "Publick Occurrences," the first number of which appeared in Boston September 25, 1690. The publisher and editor was Benjamin Harris of anabaptist and antimonarchical tendencies. Owing to a charge brought by him against Louis XIV his paper was suppressed by the governor of the colony. Harris was afterwards made official printer of the colony.

TRAMP BECAME A MAYOR.

Amateur Vagrant Meets Many Curious Characters.

Many people are apt to regard all tramps as ignorant, lazy parasites. Generalizations are dangerous, and this one is unjust in addition, says a writer in Tit-Bits.

My fellow companions on the road have included the author of "Poems by a Super-Tramp," and Harry Payne, an occasional contributor to many periodicals. We shared a bed with a man who is now a West-end consultant, and have rubbed shoulders with many other doctors. Of artists, musicians, and vocalists I have met scores.

Perhaps the strangest tramp of this class I ever knew had been a millionaire in Australia and a "hobo" in America before he took to the road in England. Comparatively late in life he achieved success as an inventor, and, more remarkable still, made money and settled down.

But in prosperity he did not forget his ragabond days. Once a year he searched the town in which he lived for tramps, newspaper sellers, hawkers, and the like, and treated them to a slap-up meal, followed by a supper.

Such men are not uncommon on the road. I remember meeting one at a shelter near Dunstable that was open to all comers. He looked distinguished even in rags. Late in the evening the owner of the place, with a party of his motley guests, and spoke to this particular tramp, who thereupon burst into an operatic air, which he sang with a fine, flexible tenor, and a purity of tone that electrified us.

A man of the same stamp fell asleep by the roadside in Surrey. During the night the wheels of a cart bound for Covent Garden passed over his legs. He was taken to a neighboring hospital, where certain remarks he made about his case aroused the curiosity of the house surgeon, who ultimately discovered that he was a medical man, and that, having been deserted by his wife, he had "thrown in his hand" and descended to the road. The house surgeon exerted himself to save his patient in a double sense, and succeeded.

Some tramps I have met have become men of substance. Among the finest lodging-houses in the Midlands of England are several owned by an ex-wayfarer. He entered the town where he is now an honored citizen without a penny in his pocket, and got work in nearly many factories. By common consent, he richly deserves his success.

Another man I once met on the road had a career amazingly like that of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge." Walking into a Black Country town he settled there, and rose till he was mayor of it twice or thrice. Something then going wrong with him—what it was I have never been able to discover—he came down in the world to the old level, and when I last heard of him he had just been convicted of vagrancy by the bench of which he was formerly chairman.

Such changes of fortune as these occasionally give a peculiar interest to one's encounters with old road acquaintance. Here is an instance.

I first met a certain man outside Uckfield, and I remember he was indignant because I questioned him about his casual ward in that town. He gloried in "mooching it" (begging for a livelihood). Some months afterwards I passed him in a corridor of a West-end hotel in London, and he looked transformed. During the war I met him again, this time in the uniform of an army officer, and rose still higher, ending on a firm in the motor trade, I found he was a partner in it.

When Alfonso Was Young.

Col. R. de Salis in Tertiary, under officer of the British Yeoman of the Guard, in his book, "Days that are Gone," tells the following story of King Alfonso:

"Of all the crowned heads I had the honor of guarding on State occasions, far and away the most taking personality was King Alfonso of Spain at the time of his State visit a boy of only 19.

"I remember the banquet in his honor particularly well. He sat next Queen Alexandra, and one could see that they had struck up a tremendous friendship. I heard next day that as the royalties went to their rooms Alfonso insisted on escorting the Queen to hers and taking a tender farewell of her.

"When I had done so, he suddenly cried out. 'Perhaps you didn't know that I was a bit of an acrobat?' and proceeded to turn catherine wheels all down the passage like a stage urchin."

Thirteenth Century Strike.

Strikes are not a modern trouble. One of the earliest and oddest strikes on record is that which took place in Oxford, England, in 1209, when, in consequence of a peculiarly outrageous aggression of Town upon Gown, Masters and Scholars to the number of 3,000 "downed tools" and retired in high dudgeon to adjacent centres of learning. The schools were closed, the City was laid under an interdict, and the lecture in Arabic of five years later—in the complete humiliation of the erring burgesses, who were compelled to do public penance on the second of its privileges to the University. When the offended clerks finally condescended to return, those "blacklegs," who had taken over the lecture in the absence of the will of the majority, were punished by three years' suspension.

Jimmy Has a Loud Voice.

One of the loudest talkers in the British zoological gardens is Jimmy, a small but very intelligent and affectionate chimpanzee. His singing is the most remarkable thing people recently learned, when Jimmy's voice was broadcasted. Jimmy lives in the North Mammal House, and has for his companion a Black Capuchin monkey. At least she should be black, but she is really a freak, for her face is white with black spots—a strange combination which has won her the name of "Freckles." She is an engaging little damsel, and Jimmy cannot bear her out of his sight. In fact, to make Jimmy yell the house down for broadcasting purposes the keepers had only to take Freckles away from him.

In the sea there is four shillings' worth of gold in every twenty-five tons of water.

The Specter Of Gorucknoor

By M. QUAD

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The garrison of Gorucknoor, in the province of Oudh, India, in the year 1857 consisted of 4,000 men, and about half of these were split up into small detachments and stationed here and there in the north to keep order among the hillmen and punish raiding dacoits. Dacoits are bands of robbers under command of a chief who holds a religious influence over them, and they are yet the pests of India along the foothills of the Himalayas. They are daring men and hard fighters, and very few British soldiers who fall into their hands are spared.

We were in the midst of what seemed to be peace when the government dispatched a large train of treasure and military supplies from Gorucknoor to Dhoorka, two days' march, which had been ordered to take command of the garrison at the latter place, being just back from a year's leave of absence in England, was with the train, and the whole was escorted by 250 cavalrymen. The route for the train brought it past our station, where it rested for a day and then moved on. In a defile fifteen miles to the north of us it was ambushed by 1,000 Arabs and dacoits and suffered a severe misfortune. There was not only a heavy loss in killed and wounded, but the treasure and a portion of the supplies were captured and run off by the dacoits.

The remnant of the train returned to us and went into camp until re-enforcements could come up, and the colonel decided, after much deliberable, whose obstinacy and recklessness had brought about the disaster, proceeded to make it red hot for everybody. It was a well populated country, with hundreds of loyal natives to be picked up, but the colonel proceeded to look upon each and every one as guilty of having had a hand in the attack on the train. More than a dozen were hanged on the nearest trees, while many were whipped at the post or ordered out of the district. It was a reign of terror for three weeks, and the end was a fitting one.

My orderly sent one day brought in a mere boy whom we had found cowering in a thicket. The colonel bulldozed and browbeat him and finally ordered his execution on the ground that he was a spy. It was only when he knew that he must die that the young fellow braced up and showed his courage, and as he was being led away to execution he said to the colonel:

"Sahib Colonel, I am innocent, and you will be punished for my death. You may shoot me and bury my body, but my spirit will follow you to the grave."

Half an hour later he was dead, but he was the last one to be executed. At midnight that night the colonel called the sentinel into his tent, and, with white face and trembling voice and the perspiration standing out on his forehead, he said:

"Man, do you see that boy sitting on the chair?"

"I see nobody, sir," replied the sentinel.

"He is there, I tell you! He followed me to mess and back, and he has been here in my tent all the evening. Take him away!"

"But there's nobody here, sir."

And there wasn't. The sentinel called in two officers, who looked and searched in vain into the tent, and Captain Remble that no boy was present. He tried to turn it off with a laugh, but in less than twenty-four hours every man in camp knew that the colonel was haunted by a specter. He made a brave effort to bluff it out, but it was useless. The specter followed at his heels by day and sat by his bedside at night, and in a week he was a mental wreck. He turned to us for pity and sympathy, but we had little to give. He had been brutal and without mercy in his vengeance.

The specter looked upon the case at first as some disorder of the brain, but later on acknowledged that it was something beyond his medicine. No one else could see it, but the colonel would say that it sat beside him or stood in the door, but there was nothing for the eyes to rest upon. He would draw his sword and cut and slash and thrust at the specter, but he could not harm it. By the surgeon's advice the colonel returned to Gorucknoor. It was reported as a case of breaking down over mental anxiety, but hundreds of people came to know better. The specter followed him back, followed him to the house of a friend, sat with him through every night and dogged at his heels through every hour of the day. He downed the bottle to drink that he could change the color of his eyes. He made the gamest sort of fight, knowing that his future career was at stake, but at length all men came to pity rather than scorn him—for he was one accursed. He was medically treated, given brief furloughs and every effort made to build him up, but at the end of eight months, every day and every hour of which had been a torment to him, he ended by blowing out his brains.

Was it a case of a man haunted by a spirit seeking revenge? It was not so reported officially, but from first to last and from the highest to the lowest, and this includes two surgeons, it was fully and firmly believed that it was, and the uncanny affair had a most unfortunate effect upon officers in their future treatment of the natives.

Winston and His Boots.

Ernest Bowen-Rowland in his book, "In Court and Out of Court," tells this story:

A member of the House of Commons got up in a debate and said that Winston Churchill was certainly suffering from beri-beri, as a sign of that disease was a swollen head.

Afterward Churchill corrected the member and said that swollen feet, not head, were the sign.

"That makes no difference," was the reply. "All I meant to convey was that you were too big for your boots."

THE OASIS OF DISCORD.

Powerful Secret Society a Menace to European Civilization.

Jarabub (or Jaghbub, which better renders its Arabic name) first came to my ears when I was in the holy city of Kairwan, on the verge of the Tunisian Sahara, writes Alex. Johnson, in a London paper.

Thither had come with a pretty well cloaked political intrigue certain Senussi holy men from this mysterious Jaghbub, on the Egyptian-Tripolitan frontier. I learnt that this oasis was the headquarters of the Senussi—that powerful secret society of the Moslem world whose fanaticism and Pan-Islamic intrigues have long been a menace to European civilisation in North Africa.

During the Fashoda crisis (when I was at the British Tunisian Consulate-General) they offered to help us "drive the French into the sea." Since then they have used Jaghbub as a base to make the interior of Tripoli untenable by the Italians and have been the international agents of Spain's enemies in Morocco. Their secret intelligence service very often employs beautiful women as spies.

These politico-pious zealots, who are now plotting a war between Italy and Egypt, are but carrying on the very ancient traditions of Jaghbub and its sister oasis of Siwa, 80 miles away, where Alexander the Great received the Oracle of the Temple of Ammon.

Jaghbub was in turns the resort of austere hermits and fierce rebels from the desert. It was never thoroughly Arabized, and speaks its ancient Berber tongue to this day. Racially, it is Libyan rather than Egyptian. Politically, it remained an independent till annexed to that country by Muhammad Ali in 1820. After Arabi's rebellion against Egyptian rule in 1909 and 1910 it was connected by telegraph with Alexandria, more than 400 miles across the desert.

During the war the Senussi, as allies of the Turks, used Jaghbub as a base for attacks on Egypt. They kept their British prisoners in one of the outlying oases, governed by a ferocious marabout, or religious despot. This worthy ordained that his captives should fast in the wilderness. Emaciated, but quite undaunted, they christened him Holy Joe, and managed to exist by cooking snails.

The British Government, after annexing Egypt, promised Italy Jaghbub, after the war. But after the Great Britain gave Egypt her independence, leaving her to carry out the Jaghbub deal with Italy. Instead of doing this, she has sent troops to that distant oasis to reinforce the successor of "Holy Joe."

The Senussi boast that British and Spanish agents periodically are beheaded in North Africa. Though bribed by the French to keep quiet in their dominions, they have been causing unrest in Tunis, but on the other side of that Italy in Tripoli should be the next enemy to attack. If they succeed, then it is good-bye to the revival of Roman civilization in Africa.

Our National Anthem.

It is said by some authorities that both the words and music of the national anthem, "God Save the King," were composed by Dr. John Bull (1563-1628), organist of the Antwerp Cathedral, where the original manuscript is still preserved. Others attribute them to Henry Corey, author of "Sally, in our Alley." The words "Send Him Victorious," etc., look like a Jacobite song, and Sir John Sinclair declares that he saw that verse cut in an old glass tumbler, the property of P. Murray Threipland, of Fingark Castle, whose predecessors were staunch Jacobites. But the name of the anthem does not seem to have been altered. The air and words were probably suggested to John Bull by the "Domine Salvum" of the Roman Catholic Church. In 1606 the lines, "Frustrate their knavish tricks," etc., were added in reference to Gunpowder Plot. In 1745 were added the words, "Send him (the Pretender) victorious," etc.; and in 1714 Henry Corey reset both words and music for the Mercers' Company for the birthday of George II.

Gifts of the Nations.

Spain recently made Britain a present of a model of the Santa Maria, the ship in which Columbus sailed to America, and the gift recalls others given at various times by one country to another.

Everybody has heard of the famous Liberty Statue in New York. This was presented to America by France in 1884.

Some years ago the French Government presented a Sevres vase to the British Museum. It is a magnificent specimen, and very valuable.

Other presents, such as guns, swords, and so on, are fairly common gifts from one country to another. That which is known as "Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol" was a gift to Great Britain from the Netherlands. It was cast as long ago as 1544.

Dangerous for Episcopalians.

Bishop Kingdon is a well-known Maritime divine whose travels about his diocese have reaped for him many a humor-crammed anecdote.

Only a short time ago he was driving through a remote section of New Brunswick when he was stranded and had to make his way on foot. He came to a small farmhouse eventually, at the door of which stood a little old woman. He was invited to enter, and while he sat in front of the kitchen fire chatting he asked his hostess if there were any Episcopalians in the neighborhood. "Well, I dunno," was the reply, "but I heard my boy John say he shot something he took to be a bear last week, and it may have been one of them."

Victims of Epilepsy.

The names of Caesar, Mahomet, Napoleon and Byron spring to mind as among the almost innumerable list of illustrious men who have suffered from epilepsy. Shakespeare makes Cassius tell his hearers that "Caesar hath the falling sickness."

Japanese Superstition.

The Japanese have many curious superstitions about animals, the chief among which is their belief in the supernatural power of foxes.

The Pineapple

Most fruits to be seen in perfection must be seen in their place of growth. And apart from the goodness of their natural ripening there is the romance of the country of their growth as it presents itself to those of another land and climate.

In Florida, especially the Keys, as all the low islands in South Florida are known, the pineapple is found in perfection. There they are grown by the hundreds of acres, and to a higher degree of perfection than in the tropics. The Keys, Julia W. Wolfe tells us, in American Cookery, are of themselves, one of the wonders of nature, formed by coral insects, and are even more rocky, than the mainland; like a great honeycomb, with a thin covering of rich soil, and the densest vegetation, only equalled in the tropics. Along the front of these Keys, facing the ocean, is a high beach ridge, back of this the land rapidly slopes, until it is only a few feet above high-water. On the ridge the planter builds his home, surrounded by luxuriant cocoa plants, and in front of his house is the wharf, at which a schooner anchored some distance from shore. Frequently the road leading from the house to the wharf is lined by rows of cocoanut palms, forming an avenue of rare beauty.

The pineapple growers are nearly all from the Bahama Islands, or at least their ancestors were, and are known, in this part of Florida, by the name of "Conchs," presumably from the fact that they live largely upon that mollusk; however that may be, they are a very respectable people and almost the only inhabitants of the Keys.

Most of you have seen the fruit of the pineapple, and know that the bunch of leaves on the top, called the slip, will grow, if planted. The base of the fruit is surrounded by sets like a crown, but not so large, and these also, if put in, will grow. I left on the stalks to grow until the planter is ready to set them, generally in August or September. These are the only way for me to have attempted, and no attempt is made to set the plants in regular rows, but wherever the planter finds room for a little hole in the rock, there he plants a set, endeavoring to have them from two to three feet apart each way. The only care they get after setting is to keep them free from weeds. The plants grow very rapidly during the warm, moist summers, and in walking through a patch of them you might think you were in a jungle. A row of spines on each edge of every leaf keeps you from penetrating very far into the jungle. This makes the working among them very disagreeable, and the men generally wear overalls, made of the heaviest duck, with sleeves and gloves of the same material.

The pineapple plant, when grown from sets, generally commences to bear in about eighteen months after planting. The blooming season on the Keys is generally during January and February, when the fields present a beautiful picture. As the fruit approaches for the flower stalk to appear, the centre leaves of the plant assume almost every shade of the rainbow, the most gorgeous shades of scarlet, red, yellow and purple, and soon, in the centre leaves, a little bud appears, like a little nestle of the cone-growing scarlet imaginable; this soon assumes the shape of a small pineapple, with its crown of leaves, and the little pineapples appear at each protuberance or eye, and of a bright color. The fruit now rapidly develops in size, and is ready to ship during July and August. The fruit is not allowed to ripen on the plant, but is cut as soon as it is full grown.

The mosquitoes are such a terrible pest in the Keys in the summer that it is impossible for planters to keep horses, so most of the pineapples are carried to the schooners in great baskets, borne on the backs of the workmen. They are packed closely in the hull of the vessel, in such a manner as to prevent bruising, and are then shipped to the northern cities.

The pineapple, allowed to ripen where it grew, is quite a different product from that sold in northern markets. No wonder it is called the King of Fruits! Such fruit is superb, indeed, and on a calm day one does not have to see an apple to know that a ripe one is in proximity, as you will perceive the most delicious fragrance long before you reach the plants, and when you pluck the great, mellow, yellow fruit and carve it, and the juicy flesh melts in your mouth, you will agree that no words can describe the lusciousness of a perfectly ripened pineapple.

There are many varieties of pineapple, differing much in size, color, quality and shape. The one known as the Red Spanish is the variety grown for market, and is more acid than the others. One of the finest is the Porto Rico, a very distinct sort, and the largest of all, sometimes weighing sixteen pounds when full grown.

"Uncle."

"Uncle," the common name for pawnbrokers in England, is replaced by "aunt" in Paris, where the state has a monopoly of the business, and is known as the Mont-de-Piété, or Mountain of Piety.

The Chow Dog.

The chow dog is a diminutive breed of the Siberian sledge dog improved and developed in China, from where they began to be imported into Europe and America about the beginning of this century. These dogs have the coat and form of the sledge dogs and are very compact and sturdy of frame and lively in disposition. In color they are either all black, even to the tongue and inside of the mouth, or all white, blue, red or yellow. The chow made its first appearance in America at the Westminster kennel show, New York, in 1901.

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Big Day at Napanee Dominion Day.

The price of cheese on the Napanee cheese board on Saturday, was 19⅝c.

A big surprise in Blind Love will be Mrs. R. Valkman as Mrs. James Peyton.

Everybody reserve Thursday, June 25th, for St. Andrews' Strawberry and Ice Cream social.

Rev. A. J. Wilson, pastor of St. Andrew's church, was elected one of the Commissioners of the United Church.

Mr. Justice Kelly will preside at the Jury and non-jury sittings of the High Court at Napanee on November 17th.

J. G. Loucks, opposite Marble Works, is selling beef from 8c. to 20c. lb. Store open every Wednesday afternoon.

The street oiler, which was injured by fire last Tuesday, is again in commission and the oiling of the streets is being completed.

Farmers wishing to join this year's Lennox Fair Oat - Field Crop Competition, should call up on J. L. Boyes, Secretary, at once and leave their entry, as the time is already up. 23-2

Rev. W. H. Truscott, who has been pastor of the Bay Circuit for four years, has been transferred to West Huntington and will assume his new charge the first Sunday in July.

Copy of telegram received at the unveiling of the Memorial at the old Macdonald homestead in Adolphustown :

J. S. Johnson,

Reeve of Adolphustown, Ont.

The Sir John A. Macdonald Club of the city of Vancouver, B. C., extends greetings. This Club too, seeks to perpetuate the name and achievements of your former townsman and Canada's first premier, Sir John A. Macdonald. The memory of his leadership still inspires from coast to coast.

J. F. NOBLE,
Treasurer.

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Mat. 11-28 ; "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," Mat. 21-28 ; "Be pitiful, be courteous," 1 Pet. 3-8 ; "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory," Isa. 6-9 ; "Little children keep yourselves from idols," 1 John 5-21 ; "Fight the good fight of faith," 1 Tim. 6-12 ; "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil," Ps. 121-7 ; "Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth," Isa. 42-10 ; "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need," Heb. 4-16.

The Infinite, the King of Kings,
Will never heed the when or where,
He'll ne'er reject the heart that brings,
The offering of fervent prayer.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Wheat Fields Supercede Lake.

At one time the fertile St. Joaquin valley in California, was a lake with an area of approximately 108 square miles. Geologists believe that originally the lake covered 1,000 square miles. The early settlers started reclaiming the shallow parts of the lake by levees. Later on higher levees were erected. Slowly the old lake was encroached until it was squared and resquared by levees 30 feet high. The reclaimed lands were exceedingly fertile, and wheat was grown on them. But the old bed is so dry that in some places the farmers have to pump to a depth of 2,100 feet to get any water. It is so dry that no crops could be raised without irrigation. Nevertheless, maps, those of the State and Federal Government and tourist agencies and railroads, continue to display maps which show a large blue circle, about half the size of San Francisco Bay and bearing the captain "Lake Tulare." The fact is there is no such lake and hasn't been for so long that it is difficult for the oldest inhabitant to remember it.

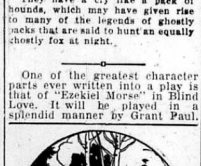
Geese on Guard.

Wild geese are extremely wary, and take nothing for granted. While feeding they have a perfect system of sentries. Not content with this, every now and then two or three will fly round, bide up to see that nothing is even approaching them from a distance.

Their hearing is very acute, and it is said their sense of smell is also. Certainly, if they are approached down wind, they are up and away at once, even if the greatest care has been taken to keep out of sight.

They have a cry like a pack of hounds, which may have given rise to many of the legends of ghostly packs that are said to hunt an equally ghostly fox at night.

One of the greatest character parts ever written into a play is that of "Ezekiel Morse" in Blind Love. It will be played in a splendid manner by Grant Paul.



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PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. Gerald Gleeson has joined the staff of the Standard Bank.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robinson spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Lady Twining and Miss Mary Daly arrived from England last week. Lady Twining is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Daly.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crossley are spending some weeks in New Brunswick.

Mrs. Ralph Scott, Calgary, Alta, is the guest of Mrs. W. C. Scott.

Miss May Reid was in Kingston on Monday for the June ball at R. M. C.

Mrs. P. Gleeson has gone to British Columbia to spend the summer with relatives.

Miss Helen VanLuven, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Willis, Toronto, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Willis, 110 Oakwood Avenue, Toronto, are guests of Mrs. F. E. VanLuven and Miss Helen VanLuven.

Miss Mildred Clow, of Kingston, spent the week-end with Miss Beatrice Baughan.

Mrs. W. E. Loyst and Miss Helen spent a few days in Ottawa last week.

Messrs. Arthur and Heber Hardy, Toronto, are in Napanee for a few days.

Mr. Douglas Ham attended the R. M. C. ball in Kingston on Monday evening.

Mrs. Glen Jackson, Adams, N. Y., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy McLean, Strathcona.

Mrs. W. Lombart, Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller, Greenacres.

Mr. R. A. Daly, of Toronto, formerly of Napanee, has been elected Vice-President of the Investment Bankers' Association.

Mrs. Richard Wheeler and Mrs. Fred Lowry and three daughters, of Barberton, Ohio, are visiting Mrs. Lowry's mother, Mrs. Hugh Lowry, Violet.

Mrs. Henry Creighton is visiting her daughter, at the Memorial Hospital, Perth.

Mrs. Chas. Anderson, London, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Windover, Selby.

Miss Mary McPherson, Stratford, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John McPherson.

Miss Marjorie Ransom, Toronto, spent last week with her aunt, Mrs. Coleman.

Mrs. Wm. Doyle is visiting friends in Waterloo and Lowville, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Toronto, spent last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dafoe.

Mrs. D'Arcy Sneath sailed for England on Monday.

Mr. D. B. Wilson was in Toronto last week attending the inauguration of the United Church.

Miss Inez Ohlman is attending Rebecca Grand Lodge at Hamilton, as representative of Queen of Sheba Lodge.

Mr. U.. M. Wilson, Past Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of Ontario, is at Grand Encampment in Hamilton.

Mr. E. R. Checkley is in town for a few days.

Miss K. Sharpe is visiting Mrs. Massey, at Foxboro.

Mrs. Harold Benson and little son, Lampman, Sask., spent a few days last week with Mrs. David Benson.

Mrs. McMillan, Victoria, B.C., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Canfield Shorey.

Mr. F. Redgewell, of the Bank of Montreal staff at Mitchell, spent a few days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Walmsley, on his way to his new post at Calgary.

Rev. J. J. Mellor, Picton, who preached in Trinity Church on Sunday for the S. S. Anniversary was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Tanton while in Napanee.

Miss Lillian Beck, Miss L. V. Cox and Mr. W. Bennett, of Toronto, are enjoying a holiday with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Huffman, of Moscow, and a short time at Mr. Huffman's cottage at Bob's Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hooper, Mrs. Thos. Symington and Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Terrill were in Toronto last week attending the historic church union assembly.

Miss Belle McCracken, Gladwin, Mich., is visiting at the home of her brother, Mr. W. H. McCracken, Roblin, who is very ill.

Principal and Mrs. A. H. McGreer, Lennoxville, Que., Miss Clair McGreer, Montreal, and Mr. and Mrs. Victor McGreer, Kingston, were among the out of town guests at the Hawley—McGreer wedding.

Mr. Kenneth Ham, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ham, who has been practising law in Toronto for some time, has taken over the law office of Judge J. E. Madden on John street. Mr. Ham, who is well-known in Napanee, will be welcomed back in his native place.

BIRTHS

Milligan—At Roblin, on Friday, June 12th ,1925, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Milligan, a daughter.

Morgan—At Roblin, on Friday, June 12th, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Morgan, a son.

MARRIAGES.

Hawley—McGreer—At St. Mary Magdalene Church, Napanee, by Rev. J. H. Coleman, M.A., assisted by Rev. A. H. McGreer, M. A., D.D., O.B.E., on Wednesday, June 10th, 1925, Bertram Finkle Hawley, to Mary Jean, daughter of Charles McGreer, of the township of Richmand.

DEATHS

Morden—At Syracuse, N.Y., on Friday, June 5th, 1925, Margaret Minetta Morden, formerly of Descronto, aged 56 years.

Stafford—At Napanee, on Monday, June 15th, 1925, Margaret Selena Stafford, aged 73 years.

ROBINSON'S 38th ANNIVERSARY SALE

Starts Thursday Morning, June 18th, 1925

Doors will be opened at 8.30 a. m. Plan to Come Each Day. Starts Thursday.

The Broad General Plans of Action For Our 38th Anniversary Sale

Were planned—carefully planned weeks and weeks ago. Minute details have been worked out by each department. Now we are ready—splendidly so with over two big floors of guaranteed Robinson Standard Merchandise, involving thousands and thousands of dollars—marked hundreds and hundreds of dollars less than regular values, for this the greatest merchandising event Napanee's greatest store even in 38 years has undertaken.

We need your co-operation, patronage and good-will and to secure these great essentials to modern business we are giving you the greatest values possible to secure. Help us by helping yourself generously to the hundreds of timely and useful bargains that are obtainable. Plan to come Opening Day. as sale merchandise cannot be duplicated at Sale prices.

Buy things to wear, things for your home, the things you need—your necessities as well as your luxuries. They are here in splendid array—guaranteed to give service and permanent satisfaction.

38, WHAT IS IT ?

East, West, North and South—in town and country—red signs with bold, black letters have been conspicuously placed to create interest in this big Birthday Sale. We planned that every man and woman should know—thoroughly know, about the legions of praiseworthy and outstanding buying opportunities afforded.

4000 BIG SALE BULLETINS

Intelligently prepared, containing news of this 38th Anniversary Sale have been mailed throughout Lennox and Addington. Big and comprehensive as it is, this circular fails to tell you all about the harvest of bargains we have so carefully provided for the thrifty shoppers who are wise enough to spend to save.

COSTUMES OF 38 YEARS AGO

Styles come and go with consistent regularity, every year and every season. Our centre front window will tell you what the people wore and how they looked when this business was established 38 years ago.

38 FLYING BALLOONS

On Thursday morning, June 18th, and again on Monday morning and every morning that week we will send up 38 balloons. Each balloon will be numbered and dated. The finder of balloon number 38, who brings same to our office, will be presented with a bright new Dollar bill. Balloons go up at ten o'clock.

A Few of our Major Anniversary Sale Attractions

COATS, VALUES UP TO $20.00 FOR $12.95

These Coats represent bargains we were able to pick from the racks of various manufacturers in Toronto and Montreal. They are all fashionably cut in straight-line effects with side fastenings. Many have small up-standing collars. Each is artistically ornamented, several are lined throughout. Choose from shades of Sand, Castor, Taupe, Rust and Cadet Blue. Women's and Misses' sizes.

COATS, VAULES UP TO $35.00 FOR $18.95 EACH

The majority of the Coats in this group represent unsold garments from our regular Spring and Summer Stocks. Prince of Wales tailored, as well as straight-line wrap models are featured. Velours, Duvetyns, Poirets, Tricotines and Novelty Weaves are the materials employed, while the color list includes shades as Rose-wood, Tile, Taupe, Sand, Navy and Black. Women's and Misses' sizes.

COATS, LESS 33 1-3 PER CENT

This group embraces all of our most exclusive Coats that were carefully selected from our most authoritative Canadian manufacturers. Each is a masterpiece in design, workmanship and ornamentation. Only the very finest of all wool fabrics have been employed. No two Coats are alike. In shades of Sand, Castor, Faison, Blond, Cocoa, Taupe, Navy and Black. Reg. prices from $37.50 to $55.00. Sale Price $25.00 to $36.67.

IMPORTED FRENCH DRESSES
To be Cleared at Half Prices

Thes dresses measure up to all the requirements that well informed women can lay down. They come beautifully styled in finest of materials, while each is becomingly and originally ornamented. No two are alike. Let your wardrobe in on this noteworthy bargain.

Regular $35.00 Dresses for $17.50.

Regular $45.00 Dresses for $22.50.

Shades of Black, Navy, Jade, Rust, and Modore.

BLACK AND COLORED TRIMMED HATS—HALF PRICE

This selection takes in the remainder of our trimmed hats in plain blacks and colors. Obtainable are numerous choice styles that will go with summer dresses and suits. These are all one-of-a-kind numbers. Limited quantity.

25 NEW SUMMER HATS
To Clear at $3.95 Each.

These hats were especially purchased for this sale. They are all newest styles and newest colorings. Shapes feature small and large sizes. Regularly they are worth double our sale price. Choose yours early.

A "Cloudburst" of 38th Anniversary Specials
FROM OUR STAPLE DEPARTMENT

Bleached, All Linen, Table Damask, our regular $2.50 and up to $3.25 values will go on sale at $2.38 per yard. These come in 68, 70 and 72 inch widths.

Single, three-quarter and double bed size Spreads are reduced as follows :

Regular $2.75 to $3.25 values for $2.38 each.

Regular $3.75 and $4.00 values for $3.38 each.

Regular 45c. and 50c. Towelling 38c. per yard. This special takes in all linen, glass, hand and cotton Turkish Towellings.

White and Colored Bath Towels for $2.38 pair. Stock up your supply of towels, as prices are extremely low. The white lines in this sale have colored ends. Were regularly priced at $2.50, $2.75 and $3.00 pair.

NORMANDY AND BEADORA VOILE

59c. per yard. 5 pieces only, selected from our choice Voile stock, to go on sale at the low price. Light and dark colorings.

CHECK AND PLAID RATINE, 98c. YARD

A reduction from $1.50 to 98c. in these stylish Ratines is worth while—10 different styles in Checks and Plaids—rich colorings.

NOVELTY SILK CREPES, $2.38 YD.

Some of our richest Floral Silk Crepes are included in the sale. Desirable patterns for dress and separate blouse. Regular values to $4.50 per yard.

NUMEROUS WEAVES IN SILKS AND SILK CREPES TO SELL AT $1.38 PER YARD

A wonderful assortment in plain and novelty weaves to clear at this price. Plain Duchess, Crepe de Chene, Knit Fabrics, Satin Moire and other fancy weaves. Regular values to $3.75 per yard.

SPECIALS FROM OUR NOTION DEPARTMENT

Ladies' Art Silk Hose, with plain lisle top with reinforced heel, toe and sole, shades; Camel, Peach, Pongee. Sizes 8½ to 10. Sale price, 2 pairs 88c.

Children's ¾ length Socks. These are a sample lot. No two pairs alike, Art Silk and Mercerized Lisle. Sale price, 48c. pair.

Children's short colored Socks, in Art Silk and Mercerized Lisle. Regular 50c. pair. Sale price 28c. pair.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs, in printed colored effects, embroidered and cut work patterns. These are divided in three lots :

No. 1—Reg. 25c. each, 2 for 38c.

No. 2—Reg. 15c. each, 2 for 18c.

No. 3—Reg. 10c. each, 4 for 28c.

Splendid "Line-up" of Anniversary Specials
FROM OUR GIFT DEPARTMENT

Cut Glass Pieces, in many useful shapes and artistic designs, clear crystal quality. Regular values were up to $2.00. Sale price, your choice at 98c. each.

Table of Aluminumware has nearly every wanted utensil in demand. All first quality and fully guaranteed. Your choice at $1.38 each.

Second Table of Aluminumware—Same good quality. Some in sets of 2 and 3 pieces. Your choice 98c. each, or sett.

Combination cooker—Same quality, made to sell at $4.50 each. Your choice $2.38 sett.

Toys and Dolls—Reduced 33 1-3 per cent., including Kiddie Kars, Wagons and Trains.

"ANNIVERSARY" SALE OF CONGOLEUM AND LINOLEUM RUGS—GENEROUSLY REDUCED

Both sale lines represent best qualities—both will be sold on the one price level. Our assortment is unusually attractive and varied. Note these reductions :

6 x 9 ft., reg. $9.00, Sale Price $7.95.

7 ft. 6 in. x 9 ft., reg. $11.25 Sale Price $9.95.

9 x 9 ft., reg. $13.50, Sale Price $11.95.

9 x 10 ft. 6 in., reg. $15.75, Sale Price $13.95.

9 x 12 ft., reg. $18.00, Sale Price $15.95.

ALL BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, VELVET AND WILTON RUGS TO BE CLEARED LESS 20 PER CENT.

This lot includes all patterns in our famous Barrymore qualities which have just come to hand this season. Featured are a great many patterns in a full range of sizes. This is your opportunity to "stock up" with rugs.

Sixty Different Patterns in Curtain Materials.
REGULAR PRICES 15c. TO $1.00, SALE PRICE, 12c. TO 80c.

Featured in this group will be all new seasonable patterns, in White and Cream Madras, Scrims, Marquisette, Nottingham, Scotch Fillet, and Tuscan Nettis. These discount average 20 per cent.

MEN'S TWEED AND WORSTED SUITS

At $12.38—Suits worth $15.00 to $17.50.

At $15.38—Suits worth $20.00.

At $19.38—Suits worth $25.00.

At $20.38—Suits worth $27.50.

At $22.38—Suits worth $28.50.

At $24.38—Suits worth $30.00.

At $28.38—Suits worth $35.00.

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S NAVY BLUE AND PLAIN GREY SERGES AND WORSTEDS

Our regular values in these lines are recognized as leaders in Eastern Ontario. Judge these reductions accordingly :

Our $25.00 Suits will be sold for $20.38.

Our $27.50 Suits will be sold for $21.38.

Our $30.00 Suits will be sold for $25.38.

Our $32.50 Suits will be sold for $28.38.

Our $35.00 Suits will be sold for $30.38.

Boys' $17.50 Bloomer Suits will go for $13.38.

Boys' $16.50 Bloomer Suits will go for $12.38.

Boys' $15.00 Bloomer Suits will go for $11.38.

Boys' $12.50 Bloomer Suits will go for $9.38.

Boys' $10.00 Bloomer Suits will go for $7.38.

Boys' $7.50 Bloomer Suits will go for $5.38.

Every Suit is Included—No Reserve.

OUR MEN'S AND BOYS' FURNISHING STOCK
Was Never as Replete With Bargains

Artificial Silk Hose in a number of attractive shades, 38c. pair, 2 pairs for 75c.

Tookes Fine Colored Shirts (Men's)—A hundred an fifty to choose from at $1.38, or 2 for $2.75. These Shirts are cut full and roomy, tailored for long wear. Sizes 14 to 17. Sleeve lengths 33, 34, 35.

Fine Colored Shirts (Men's) at $1.75, or 2 for $3.38. Splendid qualities and savings of one-third.

Fine Tailored Shirts, Men's, at 88c. Some of these are woven cloths, others are fine Print and Percales.

Boys' Every-day Shirts—Collars attached, assorted colors. Sizes 12½ to 14—48c.

Boys' Cotton Jerseys in a beautiful variety of colors. 2 for 88c.

Boys' $1.00 Blouses will be 78c. ; $1.25 ones 98c.

Boys' $1.25 Shirts, separate collar, 98c.

Boys' $1.50 Shirts, separate collar, $1.28.

Men's Flannelette Nightrobes, large English make, worth from $1.69 to $2.00. Sale price $1.50.

Men's Caps—$1.00 for caps worth $1.25 and $1.50.

Men's Caps—$1.50 for caps worth $1.75 up to $2.00.

Men's Caps—$2.00 for caps worth $2.50.

Boys' Balbriggan, 50c. Underwear—2 Drawers or 2 Shirts for 75c.

Mercerized Handkerchiefs, colored borders, 2 for 38c.

White Mercerized Handkerchiefs, plain, 2 for 28c.

Men's Work Shirts, 10 doz. assorted patterns, sizes 14 to 17, fast colors, in stripes and plain—98c. each.

Men's Summer Pyjamas, 20 per cent. off.

Men's Cashmere Hose, 50c., for 38c.

Men's Neckwear, 75c. to $1.00, for 50c.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO. LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.